This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3433 07483915 4

709 **FARMER** (J. S.) Merry Songs and Ballads, 5 vols, sm 4to, *boards, parc*
gilt, t.e.g., £8 8s *Privately P*

Merry Songs and Ballads

NATIONAL BALLAD AND SONG

Merry Songs and Ballads

PRIOR TO THE YEAR A.D. 1800

EDITED BY

JOHN S. FARMER

VOLUME I

PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

MDCCCXCVII

9585353A

INDEX

TO VOL. I

AUTHORS, TITLES, FIRST LINES, REFRAINS, AND SOURCES

AKEROYDE (S.) 188
"All Christians and Lay-Elders too" (SIR JOHN BIRKENHEAD, *Bagford Ballads*, iii. 57). 118
"All in a greene meadowe" (*Percy Folio MS.*, *c.* 1620-50) 82
"All you that are disposed now to hear a merry jest" (*Roxburgh Ballads*, iii. 166). 89
"Aminta one Night had occasion to Piss" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 202
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys (Refrain) 5
Ane Pleasant Garland of Sweet Scented Flowers, (1835). 37, 275, 277, 279
"As Damon late with Chloe sat" (S. BOLTON, 1720) 228
"As honest Jacob on a night" (*b.* 1796). 257
"As I lay musing all alone" (*c.* 1707). 189
"As I lay on my lovely bead" (LAURENCE PRICE, *c.* 1654, *Roxburgh Ballads*, iii. 226) 105
"As I sat at my Spinning Wheel" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 180

"As I was riding by the way" (*Percy Folio MS.*, *c.* 1620-50) 71
"As I was walking I cannot tell where" (*Rawlinson MS.*, *c.* 1610-50). 37
"As I went o'er yon misty moor" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 188
"As I went to Tottnam" (*Choyce Drollery*, 1666) 109
"As Lady Jane devoutly wise" (1766, DURFEY THE YOUNGER) 251
"As Oyster Nan stood by her tub" (*c.* 1705) . . 177
As she lay sleeping in her bed (Tune) 105
"As the fryer he went along" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 197
Auld cripple Dow, The (Tune). 257
Ayres by ALFONSO FERRABOSCO (1609) 29
„ „ W. CORKINE (1610) 34

Bagford Ballads. 85, 118
Bathing Girles, *The* (*Westminster Drollery*, 1672) 148
Bathing Girles, The (*Westminster Drollery*, 1672) (Tune) 163
Beehive, The (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) . 206
Beggar-wench turn'd into a devil (Debauchery Scared, *Roxburgh Ballads*, 1685-8, ii. 101) 160
BEHN (MRS.). 168
Behold the man (Tune) 41
"Beneath a cool shade" (Mrs. BEHN, 1697) . . . 168
BIRKENHEAD (SIR JOHN) 118
Bob-Tail'd Lass, The (*b.* 1800). 275
BOLTON (SOL.) 228
Bonnie Dundee (Tune). 263

"Bonny Lass o' Liviston, The" (*b.* 1796) 254
Boye, Friar and, The 51
Broze and Butter (*b.* 1796) 264
BURNS (R.) 253, 254, 256, 257, 259, 261, 263, 264 265, 267, 269, 272, 274
"By the mole on your bubbies" (*Musical Miscellany*, 1731) 238

"Canst thou loue and lie alone" (*Melismata*, *c.* 1611) 40
CAREY, H. 228
"Certain Presbyterian Pair, A," (*Musical Miscellany*, 1729) 230
CHAPPELL, WILLIAM 89, 113, 159, 189
Choyce Ayres (PLAYFORD J.) 157
Choyce Drollery 109, 113
Clout the Couldron (Tune) 267
"Come hither, good people" (*Musical Miscellany*, 1729) 230
'*Come off of my mother, Sirrah*' (Refrain) . . . 35
Complements, Marrow of. 159
CORKINE (W.) 31
"Country Gentleman came up to town, A" (1685-8, *Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 101) 160
Courteous Knight, The (1609, *Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 281) 31
Courtiers Good morrow to his Mistris, The (*c.* 1611) 40
CRIMSALL, RICHARD. 89
Cuddie the Cooper (*b.* 1796) 263
Cumberland Lass, The (1674-80) 152
Cupid's Visions (or Dainty Damsels Dream, LAURENCE PRICE, *c.* 1654, *Roxburgh Ballads*, iii. 226) . . 105

Dainty Damsels Dream, The (LAURENCE PRICE, *c.* 1654, *Roxburgh Ballads*, iii. 226) 105
Dainty ducke I chanced to meet, A (*Percy Folio MS.*, *c.* 1620-50) 84
Debauchery Scared (1685-8, *Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 101) 160
Devonshire Damsels Frollick, The (1685-8, *Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 136-7) 163
Deuteromelia (1609) 31
Dildo, Nashes 14
Disaster, The sad. 251
DORSET, THE EARL of 157
Dub'd Knight of the Forked Order, The (1660-77, *Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 114) 125
"Duncan Macleerie and Janet his wife" (*b.* 1796). 267
Dunstable, Riding to. 135
DURFEY (T.) 169, 208, 210
DURFEY THE YOUNGER. 251

Fair Kitty, beautiful and young (Tune) 251
FERRABOSCO (ALFONSO) 29
Forked Order, The Dub'd Knight of the 125
"Four and twentieth day of May, The" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 183
Four-Legg'd Elder, The (SIR JOHN BIRKENHEAD, *Bagford Ballads*, iii. 57) 118
Fryar and Boye, The (*Percy Folio MS.*, *c.* 1620-50) 51
Fryer and the Maid, The 187
Fumbler, The Old 167

Gaberlunzie Man, The (JAMES V. SCOTLAND, *b.* 1542) 1
Gallant Schemers Petition, The (*Musical Miscellany*, 1731) 238
Gather your rosebuds (Tune) 118
Green Grow the Rashes, O (*b.* 1796) 261
Gramachree (Tune) 274
"Gudewife when your gude man's frae hame" (*b.* 1796) 256

HADDINGTON, EARL of 242
Harleian MS. 103
Harlot, The high priz'd (or The Penurious Quaker) 216
"Hee that hath no mistresse" (1610) 34
Help House of Commons, House of Peers (Refrain) 118
"Her dainty palm I gently prest" (*Marrow of Complements*, 1685) 159
Horrible relation of a dog (or Four legg'd elder) . . 118

"I a tender young maid have been courted by many" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) . . . 194
"I am a young Lass of Lynn" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 199
I am fallen away (Tune) 125
I cannot tell what to do (Refrain) 199
I cannot, winnot, monnot buckle too (Refrain) . . 169
"I dreamed my Loue lay in her bed" (*Percy Folio MS.*, *c.* 1620-50) 80
I ha'e laid a herrin' in sa't (Tune) 259
"I have a tenement to let" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 218

I'll tell you . . . how this knave serv'd me (Refrain) 179
"I owed my hostess thirty pounds" (*c.* 1720) . . 224
I pr'ythee now hear me, dear Molly (Refrain) . . 238
"I Rede you beware o' the Ripples young man" (R. BURNS, *b.* 1796) 253
"I went to the Alehouse as an honest woman should" (1707) 179
"I will fly into your arms" (*c.* 1720) 225
"In a May morninge I mett sweet nursse" (*Percy Folio MS.*, *c.* 1620-50) 77
"It was a Lady of the North she lov'd a Gentleman" (1616, *Roxburgh Ballads*, iii. 230) 41
"It was a puritanicall ladd" (*Percy Folio MS.*, *c.* 1620-50) 73
"It was in June" (*Westminster Drollery*, 1672) . 148

JAMES V. of Scotland 1, 5
Jenny beguil'd the Webster (Tune) 240
"Jenny sits up i' the laft" (*b.* 1796) 265
Jocky Mac Gill (Tune) 267
John Anderson my Jo (Tune) 256
Jolly Beggar, The (JAMES V. of Scotland, *b.* 1542). 5
Jovial Companions, The (*Bagford Ballads*, i. 88) . 85
Joviall Pedler, The (1637-9, *Roxburgh Ballads*, iii. 184). 96

Kind-hearted Creature, The (1630, *Roxburgh Ballads*, iii. 166-7) 89

Ladies of London (Tune) 160
Lass o' Liviston (*b.* 1796) 254

Lass of Lynn's Sorrowful Lamentation, The (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 199
Lass with the velvet a—se, The (*c.* 1710) 214
Late Dialogue between Captain Low and his friend Dick (ROBERTSON OF STRUAN, *b.* 1749) 244
"Let the world run its course of capricious delight" (EARL of HADDINGTON, *b.* 1735) 242
LEVERIDGE (R.) 175
Little o' th'one with t'other (Refrain) 137
"Lusty Young Smith at his vice stood a filing," A (1705, *Pills to Purge Melancholy* [1707], ii. 198) 175
Lynn, The Lass of 199

Maid and a younge man, A (*Percy Folio MS.*, *c.* 1620-50) 75
"Maid, I dare not tell her name, A" (*b.* 1800). . 279
Maid of Tottenham, The (*Choyce Drollery*, 1666). 109
Maids have you any Cony, Cony skins (Refrain) 96
Maid's Lesson, The (*c.* 1710) 212
Maiden's Delight (1661, *Merry Drollery*) 137
"Man and a younge maid that loued, A" (*Percy Folio MS.*, *c.* 1620-50) 75
Man he lay whopping, The (Refrain) 75
Man's Yard, A (*Rawlinson MS.*, 1600-20) . . . 10
Marrow of Complements 159
May morninge, In a 77
Melismata (1611) 40
Merry Drollery (1661). 41, 80, 116, 133, 135, 137, 140, 142
Merry Muses of Caledonia. 253, 254, 256, 257, 259 261, 263, 264, 266, 267, 269, 272, 274

"Methinks the poor town has been troubled too long" (EARL of DORSET, *c.* 1676) 157
MILES (A.) 125
Modern Prophets, The 208
Modiewark has done me ill, The (*b.* 1796) 272
Mother beguil'd the daughter, The (Tune) 89
Musical Miscellany 228, 230, 236, 238
"My friend thy beauty seemeth good" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 216
"My Mistress is a hive of bees in yonder flow'ry garden" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) . . 206
"My pretty maid fain would I know" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 204
My thing is my own (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 194

Nameless Maiden, The (*b.* 1800) 279
Narcissus, come kiss us (*Rawlinson MS.*, *c.* 1610-50) 37
Nash his Dildo (THOMAS NASH, *Rawlinson and Petyt MSS.*, *b.* 1601) 13
NASH (THOMAS) 13

O for ane and twenty, Tam (Tune) 272
O gie my love brose, lasses (Refrain) 264
O jolly Robin hold thy hande" (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1620-50) 47
"O Mither dear I gin to fear" (*Orpheus Caledonius*, 1753) 240
O never went Wimble in Timber more nimble (Refrain) 140
"O wat ye ought of Fisher Meg" (*b.* 1796) . . . 261

Off a Puritane (*Percy Folio MS.*, *c.* 1620-50) . . 73
"Oh mother, Roger with his kisses" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 186
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me (Refrain) . . . 152
Old Fumbler, The (*b.* 1695) 167
Old Wanton Lady, The (Dub'd Knight of the forked order, 1660-77, *Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 114) 125
"On Wednesday in the afternoon" (*b.* 1800) . . . 276
Orpheus Caledonius, see THOMSON (W.) 240
Our John's Brak Yestreen (*b.* 1796) 274
Oyster Nan, As 177

PACK, MR. 208
"Pardon, sweete flower of machles poesye" (NASH, *b.* 1601) 15
Patriarch, The (*b.* 1796) 257
"Pauky auld carle cam ovir the lee, The" (Gaberlunzie Man, JAMES V. of Scotland, *b.* 1542) . . 1
Pedler, Joviall, The 96
Pedlar Proud, The (*c.* 1750, *Roxburgh Ballad*, iii. 656) 247
"Peggy in devotion, bred from tender years" (T. DURFEY, *c.* 1710) 210
Penurious Quaker, The (*c.* 1719, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*) 216
Percy Folio MS. (*c.* 1620-50) . . 26, 47, 49, 51, 71 73, 75, 77, 80, 82, 84
Petyt MS. (*b.* 1601) 13
Pills to Purge Melancholy (1707) . . 175, 179, 183, 186 188, 192, 194, 197, 199, 202, 204, 206
Pills to Purge Melancholy (1719) . . 85, 109, 118, 152 157, 169, 171, 177, 180, 208, 210, 216, 218, 220

PLAYFORD (J.) (*Choyce Ayres*) 157
Pleasant Garland, Ane (*b.* 1800) . . . 275, 277, 279
"Ploughman he's a bonnie lad, The" (*b.* 1796) . . 269
Popular Music of the Olden Time (CHAPPELL) 26, 89 113, 189
Presbyterian Wedding, The (*Musical Miscellany*, 1729) 236
PRICE (LAURENCE) 105
PURCELL (HENRY) 167, 169
Puritan, A (*Merry Drollery*, 1661) 133
Puritane, Off a (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1620-50) . . . 73

Quaker, The Penurious 216

Rattle, The (1766) 251
RAVENSCROFT, THOMAS 40
Rawlinson MS. (1600-50) 10, 13, 35, 37
Reed me a ridle: what is this (*Rawlinson MS.*, *c.* 1600-20) 10
"Riding by the way, As I was" 71
Riding to London on Dunstable way (*Merry Drollery*, 1661) 135
ROBERTSON OF STRUAN 244
Room for a Jovial Tinker: Old Brass to Mend (*c.* 1616, *Roxburgh Ballads*, iii. 230) 41
"Rosebery to his lady says" (*b.* 1796) 266
Roxburgh Ballads, 31, 41, 89, 96, 105, 125, 160, 163, 247

Sad Disaster, The, (DURFEY THE YOUNGER, 1766). 251
Sally in our Alley (Tune) 228
School Master's Lesson, The (*c.* 1720) 225
Scotch Parson's Daughter, The (T. DURFEY, *c.* 1710) 210

SHARPE (C. KIRKPATRICK). 275
"She lay up to the navel bare" (Tune 116) . . . 131
"She lay all naked in her bed" (*Wit & Drollery*, 1656) 116
SHEELES (J.) 238
Silent Flute, The (S. BOLTON, 1720). 228
Sing Boyes, Drink Boyes (Refrain) 89
Sing trolly lolly (Refrain) 192
Sing, Stow the Fryer (Refrain) 197
"Smug rich and fantastic old Fumbler was known" (*b.* 1695) 167
"So merrily singeth the nightengale" (*c.* 1750, *Roxburgh Ballads*, iii. 656) 247
So old, so old, so wondrous old (Refrain) 125
"Spinning Wheel, As I sat at my". 180
"Story, strange I will you tell, A" (*Choyce Drollery*, 1656). 113
"Supper is na Ready" (*b.* 1796) 267
Surprised Nymph, The (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 183

Taylor's faun thro' the bed (Tune) 253
Tell me mother, pray, now do (Refrain) 186
"Tell me, thou source of scandal, Dick" (*b.* 1740 ROBERTSON OF STRUAN) 244
Tenement to let, A (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719). 218
"That God that dyed for vs all and drank both vinegar etc." (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1620-50) . . . 51
Then she sang down a down (Refrain) 31
"There dwelt a man in Lanrickshire" (*b.* 1800) . 277
"There liv'd a Wife in Whistle-cock-pen" (*b.* 1796) 259
"There was a buxom lass" (*c.* 1710) 214

"There was a cooper they ca'd him Cuddy (*b.* 1796) 263
"There was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was born" (JAMES V. of Scotland, *b.* 1542) 5
"There was a joviall pedler" (1637-9, *Roxburgh Ballads*, iii. 184). 96
"There was a Lady in this land" (*Merry Drollery*, 1661). 142
"There was a lass in Cumberland" (*c.* 1674-80) . 152
"There was an old woman liv'd under a hill" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 192
"There was three Birds that built very low" (*Merry Drollery*, 1661) 140
"There was three Travellers, Travellers three" (*c.* 1630, *Bagford Ballads*, i. 88) 85
This way, that way, which way you will (Refrain) 171
"Thomas vntyed his points apace" (*Percy Folio MS.*, *c.* 1620-50). 26
"Thomas you cannott" (*Percy Folio MS.*, *c.* 1620-50) 26
THOMSON (W.) [*Orpheus Caledonius*] 240
Three Merry Travellers (*c.* 1630, *Bagford Ballads*, i. 88). 85
Tinker, The (*Merry Drollery*, 1661) 142
To fall down, down, derry down (Refrain) . . . 109
"Tom and William with Ned and Ben" (*Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 136-7) 163
"Tom Tinker's my true love, and I am his dear" (*c.* 1698) 171
"To play upon a viol if a virgin will begin" (*c.* 1710) 212
Trooper Watering his Nagg, The (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 192
Turnep Ground, The (*c.* 1720) 224

"Twa neebour wives sat in the sun" (*b.* 1796, BURNS) 274
"'Twas a Lady born of high degree" (1660-77, *Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 114-5) 125
"'Twas within a Furlong of Edinborough town" (DURFEY, 1697, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*) . . 169

"Upon a certain day when Mars and Venus met together" (*Rawlinson MS.*, 1610-20) 35

"Venus, Mars, and Cupid" (*Rawlinson MS.*, 1610-20). 35

"Wad ye do that" (*b.* 1796) 256
Wanton Virgins Frighted, The (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 220
Westminster Drollery 148
When first Amyntas su'd for a kiss (Tune) . . 202
When Phœbus address't himselfe to the West (*Percy Folio MS.*, *c.* 1620-50) 49
White Thighs (*b.* 1735) 242
Who is to marry me (*b.* 1609) 29
Willie Steenson (*b.* 1800) 277
"Will ye na, can ye na let me be?" (*b.* 1796) . . 259
Willing Lover, The (*Wit & Drollery*, 1661) . . 131
Wit and Drollery 96, 103, 116, 131
With a dildo (Refrain) 113
With a down... up and down (Refrain) 230
With a hey ho, hey, derry derry down (Refrain) 41
With a Humbledum, Grumbledum (Refrain) . . 204
With a rub... in and out, in and out ho (Refrain) 175
Without ever a stiver of money (Refrain) 85

"Would you have a young Virgin of fifteen years" (T. DURFEY, 1709) 208

"Yonder comes a courteous Knight" (*Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 281) 31
Yorkshire Tale, A (*Musical Miscellany*, 1729) . . 230
"You that delight in a jocular song" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 220
Young Man of late, A (*Merry Drollery*, 1661). . 137
"Younge and simple though I am" (*b.* 1609) . . 29

Merry Songs and Ballads

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN

[*b.* 1542]

[Attributed to JAMES V OF SCOTLAND and said to celebrate one of his own adventures with country girls].

The pauky auld carle came ovir the lee — sly or artful
Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,
Saying, Goodwife, for zour courtesie,
Will ze lodge a silly poor man? — frail
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down azont the ingle he sat; — beyond
My dochters shoulders he gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang. — cheerfully

"O wow!" quo he, "were I as free,
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blyth and merry wad I bee!
become weary And I wad nevir think lang."
lively He grew canty, and she grew fain,
her old mother know But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa togither were sayn,
busy When wooing they were sa thrang.

if "And O!" quo he, "ann ze were as black,
As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
go And awa wi' me thou sould gang!"
"And O!" quoth she, "ann I were as white,
As evir the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd clothe me gay Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,
And awa with thee Ild gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
a little They raise a wee before the cock,
And wyliely they shot the lock,
open field And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claiths,
Syne to the servants bed she gaes
enquire To speir for the silly poor man.

went She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away;

Scho clapt her hands, cry'd "Dulefu' day!
For some of our geir will be gane." — goods
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist, — chest
But nought was stown that could be mist. — stolen
She dancid her lane, cry'd, "Praise be blest! — alone
I have lodg'd a leal poor man." — loyal; true

Since naithing's awa, as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn; — churn
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn, — go to the outer apartment
And bid her come quickly ben." — to the inner apartment
The servant gaed where the dochter lay,—
The sheets was cauld, she was away;
And fast to her goodwife can say, — did say
"Shes aff with the gaberlunzieman."

"O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin, — O haste; cause to ride
And hast ze, find these traiters agen!
For shee's be burnt, and hee's be slein,
The wearifou gaberlunzieman!" — troublesome
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit; — a-foot
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit; — mad; furious
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,
But ay did curse and did ban.

Mean-time far hind, out owre the lee, — far hence; out over
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang. — slice

proving; tasting

The prieving was gude, it pleas'd them baith;
To lo'e her for ay he gae her his aith.
Quo she, "To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzieman.

"O kend my minny I were wi' zou,
Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou'.
she'd never trust

Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow,
Aftir the gaberlunzieman."
"My dear," quo he, "zee're zet owre zonge;
And hae na learnt the beggar's tonge,
To follow me frae toun to toun,
And carrie the gaberlunzie on.

chalk and ruddle (for marking sheep)

"Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win zour bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need—
Whilk is a gentil trade indeed,
The gaberlunzie to carrie O!
bend

Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,
cloth; rag

And draw a black clout owre my ee;
A criple or blind they will cau me,
While we sall sing and be merry O!"

THE JOLLY BEGGAR

[*b.* 1542]

[Attributed to JAMES V OF SCOTLAND: see note to preceding song].

There was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was born. set forth
And he took up his quarters into a land 'art town, country farm-steading
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

He wad neither ly in barn, not yet wad he in byre;
But in ahint the ha'door, or else afore the fire. behind
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean straw and hay,
And in ahint the ha'door, and there the beggar lay.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

Up raise the goodman's dochter and for to bar
the door,
And there she saw the beggar standin' i' the floor.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
cautiously O hooly, hooly wi' me, sir, ye'll waken our goodman.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word
he spake,
talk Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

"Is there ony dogs into this town? maiden, tell
me true."
my honey and my dove "And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and
my dow?"
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Sae late into the night,

And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

"They'll rive a' my meal pocks, and do me meikle wrang." meal bags
"O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor man?"
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

Then she took up the meal pocks, and flang them o'er the wa';
"The deil gae wi' the meal pocks, my maidenhead, and a'!"
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

"I took ye for some gentleman, at least the laird of Brodie;
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie?"
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four and twenty hunder merk to pay the nurice-fee.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

a sliver coin worth 13½d. Stg.

wet-nurse wage

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,
And four and twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the hill.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa';
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

rags

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder height:
"O, ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight!"

such

And we'll gang nae mair a roving
  Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

A MANS YARD

[*c.* 1600-1620]

[*Rawl. MS.* Poet. 216, lf. 94 back].

Reed me a ridle: what is this
You holde in your hand when you pisse?
It is a kinde of pleasing stinge,
A pricking and a pleasing thing;

It is a stiffe shorte fleshly pole,
That fittes to stopp a maydens hole;
It is Venus wanton staying wand,
That ne're had feet, and yet can stand;

It is a penn with a hole in the toppe,
To write betwene her two-leued booke;
It is a thing both dumb and blinde,
Yet narrowe holles in darke can finde;

It is a dwarfe in height and length,
And yet a giannt in his strength;
It is a bachelours button newly cutt,
The finest new tobacco pipe;

It is the Zirus that makes dead vse
When he did pull on Vulcans shooes;

It is a grafte Horne on a prettye head,
A staffe to make a Countesse bedd;

There is never a Ladye in this land
But that will take it in her hand;
The fayrest mayd that ere tooke liffe,
For loue of this became a weife;

And every wench, by her owne will,
Would keepe [it] in her quiuer still.
When sturdye stormes arise,
Shall blustering windes appeare:

I finde ofte tymes dust in ashes heare,
Live kindled coles of fire.
With good intent, marke well my minde,
You shall herein a secrett find.

[*Then follows a kind of rebus:*—]

Oh, my faire misteres, ⁰ ⁰ ₀ ₀ in;
⁰ ⁰ ⁰ ₀ ₀ ₀ vpp your thighes, The ⁰ ₀ ⁰ ₀ in,
And put my o o into your o,
And then my ⁰ ₀ ₀ shall wag apace,
Sir, is ⁰ ⁰ ₀ ₀ in your mistres then
⁰ ⁰ ⁰ ₀ ₀ ₀ not to deepe, lest if thow ⁰ ₀ ⁰ ₀ in
and drowne my o o o in my o
and driue your o o out of his place
Owles, Farewell, I wish your trees may growe

like to your hornes which make a famus showe,
because they are grafted on a fether bedd
Therefore, good neighboures, I bid you all adue,
For I haue written nothing but what that is true.

THE MERIE BALLAD OF NASH HIS DILDO

[*b.* 1601]

[By THOMAS NASH; *Rawlinson MS.* Poet. 216, leaves 96-106; also *Petyt MS.* (*Inner Temple*), 538, Vol. 43, f. viii. 295*b*)—hitherto unpublished: dedicated in *Petyt MS.* "To the right Honorable the Lord S(outhampton)"].

Pardon, sweete flower of Machles poesye,
and fairest bud that euer red rose bare,
although my muse, diuert from deepest care,
presentes you with a wanton elegie.
Ne blame my verse of loose inchastitye,
for paynting forth the thinges that hidden be,
only induced with varyetye,
sith most men marke what I in speech descrie.

Complayntes and prayses every man can write,
and passion foorth there loue in statly rime;
but of loues pleasure none did e're indite,
that have succeeded in this latter time.

Accept of it, deare loue, in gentle parte,
and better farr, ere large, shall honor thee. [? ere long]

NASHES DILDO

It was the merry moneth of February,
when younge men in their brauery
Rose in the morning, before breake of daye,
to seeke their valentynes soe fresh and gaye.
With whome they maye consorte in Somers shene,
and daunce the high degree in our towne greene:
And allso at Ester, and at Penticost,
preambulate the fieldes that florish most:
And goe into some village bordering neere,
to tast the Cakes & creame and such good cheere,
To see a playe of strange morality,
showen by the bachelours of magnaminity,
Whither our Country Franklins flockmeale swarme,
and John and Joane come marching arme in arme.
Even on the Hallowes of that blessed Sainct,
that doth true lovers with those ioyes acquaint,
I went, poore pilgrime, to my Ladyes shrine,
to see if shee would be my valentyne.
[? woe] But out, alas, she was not to be found,
for she was shifted to another ground:
Good Justice Dudgeon, with his crabbed face,
with bills and staues had scard her from that place:
And she poore wench, compeld for sanctuary
to fly into a house of Venery.
Thither went I, and bouldly made inquire
if they had hackneys to lett out to hire,
And what they craud by order of their trade,

to lett me ride a iourney on a iade.
With that, stept forth a foggy three-chinde dame,
that vsd to take younge wenches for to tame,
And askt me, if soothe were my request,
or only moud a question but in iest?
"In iest," quoth I, "that terme yt as you will,
I come for game; therefore giue me my Gill."
"If that yt be," quoth shee, "that you demaunde,
Then giue me first a godes peny in my hand;
For in our oratory, siccarly,
none enters in, to doe his deuory,
But he must paye his affidavit first,
and then perhaps Ile ease him of his thirst."
I, seeing her soe earnest for the box,
I gaue her her due, and shee the doare vnlockes.
Nowe I am entered, sweete Venus be my speede!
but wheres the female that must doe the deed?
Through blind meanders, and through crooked wayes,
She leads me onward, as my author sayes,
Vntill I came vnto a shady loft
where Venus bouncing vestures skyrmish fought. [? vestals skirmish oft]
And there she sett me in a Lether chayre,
and brought me forth, of wenches, straight a paire,
And bad me choose which might content my eye;
but she I sought, I could noe waye espye.
I spake her faire, and wisht her well to fare,
"but soe yt is, I must haue fresher ware;

Wherefore, dame baud, soe dainty as you be,
fetch gentle Mistres Francis vnto me."
"By Holy dame," quoth shee, "and gods one
mother
I well perceaue you are a wyly brother;
For if there be a morcell of better price,
youle find yt out, though I be now soe nice.
As you desire, soe shall you swiue with her;
but look, your purse-stringes shall abide yt deere;
For he whoole feed on quayles, must lauish crownes,
and Mistres Fraunces, in her velvett gownes,
Her ruffe and perriwigge soe fresh as May,
Cannot be kept for halfe a crowne a daye."
"Of price, good hostes, wee will not debate,
although you assize me at the highest rate;
Onely conduct me to this bonny bell,
and tenn good gobletes vnto thee I'le tell,
of gold or siluer, which shall like you best,
soe much I doe her company request."
Awaye she went, soe sweete a worde is golde,
it makes invasion in the strongest holde;
Loe, here she comes that hath my harte in keeping,
sing lullaby, my cares and fall a sleeping.
Sweeping she comes, as she would brush the ground:
her Ratling silcke my senses doe Confound:
Awaye I am ravisht: "voyd the chamber straight,
I must be straight vppon her with my waight."
"My Tomalyn," quoth she, and then she smiled:

"I, I," quoth I, "soe more men are beguiled
With sighes and flattering woordes and teares,
When in your deedes much falshood still apeares."
"As how, my Tomalyn," blushing she replied,
"because I in this dauncing should abide? [? school]
If that be it that breedes thy discontent,
we will remove the campe incontinent:
For shelter only, sweete harte, cam I hither,
and to avoyd the troublesome stormye weather;
And since the coast is cleare, I will be gonne,
for, but thy self, true louers I haue none."
With that she sprunge full lightly to my lippes,
and about my necke she hugges, she culles, she clippes,
She wanton faynes, and falles vppon the bedd,
and often tosses to and froe her head;
She shakes her feete, and waggles with her tongue:
Oh, whoe is able to forbeare so longe?
"I come, I come, sweete Ladye, by thy leaue;"
softely my fingers up theis curtaines heaue,
And send me happye stealing by degrees,
first vnto the feete, and then vnto the knees,
And so ascend vnto her manly thigh—
a pox on lingering, when I come so nighe!
Smocke, climbe apace, that I may see my ioyes,
all earthly pleasures seeme to this but toyes,
Compard be these delightes which I behould,
which well might keepe a man from being olde.

A prettye rising wombe without a wenne,
that shine[s] as bright as any christell gemme,
And beares out like the riseing of a hill,
at whose decline the[r] runnes a fountayne still,
That hath her mouth besett with rugged briers,
resembling much a duskye nett of wires:
A lusty buttock, barrd with azure vaines,
whose comely swellinge, when my hand restraines,
Or harmles checketh with a wanton gripe,
it makes the fruite thereof too soone be ripe,
A pleasure pluckt to tymely from his springe
it is, dyes e're it can enioye the vsed thinge.
O Godes, that ever any thing soe sweete,
soe suddenly should fade awaye, and fleete!
Her armes and legges and all were spredd,
But I was all vnarmed,
Like one that Ouid's cursed hemlocke charmd,
[*Pefyt MS.*] [So are my Limm's unwealdlie for the fight,]
that spent there strength in thought of your delight.
What shall I doe, to shewe my selfe a man?
Yt will not be, for ought that beauty cann:
I kisse, I clipp, I winck, I feele at will,
Yet lyes he dead, not feeling good or ill.
"By Holly dame (quoth she), and wilt not staund?
now lett me roule and rub it in my hand!
[? silly] Perhapps the seely worme hath laboured sore,
and worked soe that it cann doe noe more:
Which if it be, as I doe greately dreade,

I wish ten thousand times that I weare dead.
What ere it be, noe meanes shall lack in mee,
That maye avayle for his recoverye."
Which said, she tooke & rowld it on her thighe,
and looking downe on it, did groane and sighe;
She haundled it, and daunced it vpp and downe,
not ceasing till shee raisd it from [the swoune]; [*Petyt MS.*]
And then it flewe on her as it were wood,
And on her breech laboured and foam'd a good;
He rubd and peirct her euer to the bones,
digging as deepe as he could digg for stones;
Now high, now lowe, now stricking shorte and thicke,
and diving deeper, peircte her to the quicke;
Now with a girde he would his course rebate,
then would he take him to a stately gate.
Playe when he liste, and thrust he nere soe hard,
poore patient Grissell lyeth at his ward,
And giues and takes as blith and fresh as Maye,
and ever meetes him in the middle of the waye.
On her his eyes continually were fixt;
with his eye-browes, her melting eyes were mixt,
which, like the sunne, betwixt two glasses playes,
from the one to the other casting rebounding rayes.
She like a starr that, to requite his beames, [? reguild]
suckes the influence of sweete Phebus streames,
Imbathes the beames of his discending light
in the deepest fountaines of the purest light.
Shee, faire as fairest plannet in the skye,

her puritye to noe man doth denye;
The verye chamber that includes her shine,
seemes as the pallace of the gods devine,
Whoe leades the daye about the Zodiacke,
and in the even, settes of the ocean lake;
Soe feirce and fervent in her radiaunce,
such flyeing breath she dartes at every glaunce
[limbs of age—*Petyt MS.*] As might inflame the verry mappe of age,
and cause pale death him suddenly t'asswage,
And stand and gaze vppon those orient lampes,
where Cupid all his ioyes incampes.
[*Petyt MS.*] [And sitts and plays with euerie atomie
That in her Sunne-beames swarme aboundantlie.]
Thus striking, thus gazeing, we perséuere:
but nought soe sure that will continue ever:
"Fleete not soe fast," my ravisht senses cries,
"sith my Content vppon thy life relyes,
Which brought so soone from his delightfull seates,
me, vnawares, of blissefull hope defeates;
[*Petyt MS.*] [Togeather lett our equall motions stirr,
togeather lett vs liue and dye, my deare;]
Togeather let vs march with one contente
and be consum[e]d without languishmente."
As she prescribed, soe keepe we clocke and time,
and euery stroake in order like a chime.
Soe shee that here preferd me by her pyttye,
vnto our musicke framd a groaning dyttye:
"Alas, alas, that loue should be a sinne!

even now my ioys and sorrows doe beginne;
Hould wyde thy lappe, my louely Danae,
and entertaine this golden showry see,
That drisling fall[s] into thy treasurye:"
sweet Aprill flowers not halfe soe pleasaunt be,
Nor Nilus overflowinge Egipt playne,
as is the balme that all her woombe destreynes.
"Now, oh now," she trickling moues her lippes,
and often to and fro she lightly startes and skippes:
She yerkes her legges, and fresketh with her heeles:
noe tongue can tell the pleasures that she feeles.
"I come, I come, sweete death, rocke mee a-sleepe!
sleepe, sleepe, desire, intombe me in the deepe!"
"Not soe, my deare and dearest," she replyed:
"from vs two [? sweete] this pleasure must not glide,
Vntill the sinnowie Chambers of our blood
withould themselves from this newe prisoned flood;
And then we will, that then will come soe soone,
Dissolued lye, as thoughe our dayes were done."
The whilest I speke, my soule is stealing hence, [MS. in]
and life forsakes his earthly residence:
"Staye but one houre,—an houre is not soe much,
nay, half an houre: and if thy haste be such,
Naye, but a quarter, I will aske noe more,
that thy departure, which torments me sore,
May now be lengthened by a litle pawse,
and take awaye this passions suddaine cause.
He heares me not; hard harted as he is,

[? hates] he is the scorne of time, and hath my blisse:
Time nere lookes backe; the riuer nere returnes;
a second spring must helpe, or elles I burne:
[*Petyt MS.*] [No, no, the well is dry that should refresh me,
The glasse is runne of all my destinie:
Nature, of winter leauneth, nigardize,
Who, as he ouerbeares the streame with ice
That man nor beaste maie of their pleasance taste,
So shutts she up hir conduit all in haste,
And will not let her Nectar ouerflowe,
Least mortall man immortall ioyes should knowe.
Adieu, unconstant loue, to thy disporte;
Adieu, false mirth, and melodies too shorte;
Adieu, faint-hearted instrument of lust,
That falsely hath betrayde our equale trust.]
Hensforth I will noe more implore thine ayde,
Or thee for euer of Cowardice shall vpprayd:
My little dildoe shall supplye your kinde,
a youth that is as light as leaues in winde:
He bendeth not, nor fouldeth any deale,
but standes as stiffe as he were made of steele;
[*Petyt MS.*] [And playes at peacock twixt my leggs right blithe
And doeth my tickling swage with manie a sighe;]
And when I will, he doth refresh me well,
and neuer makes my tender belly swell."
Poore Priapus, thy kingdom needes must fall,
eccept thou thrust this weakling to the wall;
Behould how he vsurpes in bed and bower,

and vndermines thy kingdome euery hower:
And slyly creepes betwene the barke and tree,
and suckes the sap while sleepe deteyneth thee:
He is my Mistres lake at euery sound, [page—*Petyt MS.*]
and soone will tent a deepe intrenched wound;
He waytes on courtly nimphs that are full coye,
and bids them scorne the blind alluring boye;
[He giues yong guirls their gamesome sustenance, [*Petyt MS.*]
And euerie gaping mouth his full sufficiance.]
He fortifyes disdayne with foraigne artes,
while wantons chast delude all loving hartes.
If any wight a cruell Mistres serue,
And in dispaire full deeply pyne and sterue,
[Curse Eunicke dilldo, sencelesse counterfeit, [*Petyt MS.*]
Who sooth maie fill, but neuer can begett:
But if revenge enraged with dispaire,
That such a dwarf his wellfare should impaire,]
Would faine this woemans secretary knowe,
let him attend the markes that I shall showe:
He is a youth almost two handfulles high;
straight, round, and plump, and having but one eye,
Wherein the rheume soe fervently doth raine,
the Stigian gulfe can scarce his teares conteyne;
Running sometymes in thicke congealed glasse,
where he more like, downe into hell would passe:
An arme strong guider stedfastly him guides;
Vpon a chariot of fiue wheeles he rides,

Attird in white velvet or in silke,
And norisht with warme water or with milke,
And often alters pace as wayes growe deepe;
for whoe, in places vnknowne, one pace can keepe?
Sometymes he smothly slippeth downe a hill;
some other tymes, the stones his feete doe kill;
In clayey wayes he treadeth by and by,
[? plasheth] and placeth himself and all that standeth by:
Soe fares this royall rider in his race,
plunging and sowsing forward in like case,
Bedasht, bespotted, and beplotted foule—
god giue thee shame, thou foule mishapen owle!
But free from greife a ladyes chamberleyne,
and canst thou not thy tatling tongue refrayne?
I tell the beardlesse blabb, beware of stripes,
and be advisd what thou soe vainely pipst;
If Illian queene knowe of thy brauery heere,
thou shouldst be whipt with nettles for thie geere.
Saint Dennis sheild me from such femall sprightes!
regard not, dames, what Cupids poett writes:
I pen this story onely for my selfe;
and, giving yt to such an actuall elfe,
Am quite discoraged in my musery,
sinse all my store to her seemes misery.
I am not as was Hercules the stout,
that to the seauenth Iourny could hould out;
I wantes those hearbes and rootes of Indian soyle,
that strengthen weary members in their toyle,

Or drugges or electuaryes of newe devises,
that shame my purse, and tremble at thie prices.
I paid of both, [the] scott and lott allmost,
yet looke as lanke and leane as any ghost;
For that I allwayes had, I payd the wole,
which, for a poore man, is a princely dole—
what cann be added more to my renowne?
she lyeth breathlesse; I am taken downe;
The waves doe swell, the tide climes ore the bankes;
Judge, gentleweomen, doth this deserue no thankes?
And soe, good night vnto you, euery one;
For loe, our thred is spunne, our playes done.

[Thus hath my penne presum'd to please my friend:
Oh mighst thou lykewise please Apollo's eye. [*Petyt MS.*
No, Honor brookes no such impietie,
Yett Ouid's wanton muse did not offend.
He is the fountaine whence my streames doe flowe—
Forgive me if I speak as I was taught,
Alike to women utter all I knowe,
As longing to unlade so bad a fraught.
My mynde once purg'd of such lascivious witt,
With purifide words and hallowed verse,
Thy praises in large volumes shall rehearse
That better maie thy grauer view befitt.
Meanwhile ytt rests, you smile at what I write
Or for attempting banish me your sight.]

THOMAS YOU CANNOTT

[*c.* 1603-5]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 521 of MS. Music in CHAPPELL'S *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, i. 337: the words exist only in this MS.].

point = a tagged lace to fasten the dress.

Thomas vntyed his points apace,
& kindly hee beseeches
that shee wold giue him time & space
ffor to vntye his breeches.
"Content, Content, Content!" shee cryes.
he downe with his breeches imedyatlye,
& ouer her belly he Cast his thye.
But then shee Cryes "Tho*mas*! you Cannott, you Cannott!
O Tho*mas*, O Tho*mas*, you Cannott!"

Tho*mas*, like a liuely ladd,
lay close downe by her side:
he had the worst Courage *that* eu*er* had man;
in conscience, the pore ffoole Cryed.

But then he gott some Courage againe,
& he crept vpon her belly amaine,
& thought to haue hitt her in the right vaine;
But then shee Cryes "Tho*mas*! you Cannott, you
Cannott!
O Tho*mas*, O Tho*mas*, you Cannott!"

This maid was discontented in mind,
& angry was w*i*th Thomas,
*tha*t he the time soe long had space,
& cold not p*er*forme his p*ro*mise.
he p*ro*mised her a thing, 2 handfull att least,
w*hi*ch made this maid glad of such a ffeast;
but shee Cold not gett an Inch for a tast,
w*hi*ch made her cry "Tho*mas*! you Cannott, you
Cannott!
O Tho*mas*, O Tho*mas*, you Cannott!

Thomas went to Venus, the goddesse of loue,
& hartily he did pray,
*tha*t this ffaire maid might constant proue
till he p*er*formed what he did say.
in hart & mind they both wee[r]e content;
but ere he came att her, his courage was spent,
w*hi*ch made this maid grow discontent,
and angry was w*i*th Tho*mas*, w*i*th Tho*mas*,
and angry was w*i*th Tho*mas*.

Vulcan & venus, w*i*th Mars & Apollo,
they all 4 swore they wold ayd him;

Mars lent him his buckler & vulcan h[is ham*m*er,]
and downe by her side he laid him.

[*Page* 522, *a fragment apart from the MS.*]

. . . . . .
then . . . . . .
but all her body qu(?) . . . . . .
he tickled her, laid(?). . . . . .
& then shee Cryes . . . . . .
& then shee Cryes f . . Tho[mas] . . . . .
This mayd wa . . . . . .
*tha*t ffortune had lent hi . . . . . .
ffull oft he had beene. . . . . .
yett neuer cold stop . . . . . .
he tickeled her tuch . . . . . .
he made her to tr . . . . . .
& Tho*mas* was glad he . . . . . .
& then shee cryes " . . . . . .
& then shee cryes " . . . . . .

WHO IS TO MARRY ME?

[*b.* 1609]

[These words are set to music in *Ayres* by ALFONSO FERRABOSCO, viii].

Younge and simple though I am,
I haue hearde of Cupids name;
Guesse I can, what thinge it is,
Men desire when they doe kisse.
Smoake can neuer burne, they say;
But the flame that followes, may.

I am not so foule or fayre,
To be proude, or to dispaire;
Yet my lipps haue oft obseru'd,
Men that kisse them, presse them hard,
As glad louers vse to doe
When there newe met loues they wooe.

Faithe, 'tis but a foolishe minde;
Yet me thinkes, a heate I finde,
Like thirst longing, that doth bide
Euer one my weaker side,
Where they say my harte doth moue:
Venus grante it be not loue

If it be, allas what then,
Were not Women made for men?
As good 'tis, a thing were past,
That must needes be done at last,
Roses that are ouerblowne,
Growe lesse sweete, then fall alone.

Yet noe Churle nor silken Gull,
Shall my maiden blossome pull,
Who shall not I soone can tell:
Whoe shall, I would I could as well.
This I know who ere hee be,
Loue hee must, or flatter mee.

Marryed Wyues may take and leaue;
Where they please, refuse, receaue;
Wee poore Maydes must not doe soe;
Wee must answer yea with noe;
Wee seeme strangĕ, coye, and curste,
And faine wee would doe, if wee durst.

THE COURTEOUS KNIGHT

[1609]

[*Deuteromelia* (with music) 1609; *cf.* "The Baffled Knight: or The Ladys Policy" (*Rox. Ballads*, ii. 281)].

Yonder comes a courteous Knight,
Lustily raking over the lay,
He was well ware of a bonny lass,
As she came wandering over the way:
Then she sang down a down,
Hey down derry.
Then she sang down a down,
Hey down derry.

Jove you speed, fair Lady, he said,
Amongst the leaves that be so green;
If I were a King, and wore a Crown,
Full soon fair Lady, should thou be a Queen.
Then she sang down a down, &c.

Also Jove save you, fair Lady,
Among the Roses that be so red;
If I have not my will of you,
Full soon fair Lady, shall I be dead.
Then she sang down a down, &c.

Then he lookt East, then he lookt West,
He lookt North, so did he South:
He could not find a privy place,
For all lay in the Devil's mouth.
Then she sang down a down, &c.

If you will carry me gentle Sir,
A maid unto my father's hall;
Then you shall have your will of me
Under purple and under Pall.
Then she sang down a down, &c.

He set her upon a steed,
And himself upon another;
And all the day he rode her by,
As tho' they had been sister and brother.
Then she sang down a down, &c.

When she came to her fathers hall,
It was well walled round about;
She rode in at the wicket gate,
And shut the four ear'd fool without.
Then she sang down a down, &c.

You had me (quoth she) abroad in the field,
Among the corn, amidst the hay,
Where you might had your will of me,
For, in good faith Sir, I ne'er said nay.
Then she sang down a down, &c.

You had me also amid the field,
  Among the rushes that were so brown;
Where you might had your will of me,
  But you had not the face to lay me down.
    Then she sang down a down, &c.

He pull'd out his nut-brown sword,
  And wip'd the rust off with his sleeve:
And said; Joves Curse come to his heart,
  That any Woman would believe.
    Then she sang down a down, &c.

When you have your own true love,
  A mile or twain out of the Town,
Spare not for her gay cloathing,
  But lay her body flat on the ground.
    Then she sang down a down, &c.

HEE THAT HATH NO MISTRESSE

[1610]

[From *Ayres* by W. CORKINE].

Hee that hath no mistresse,
must not weare a fauor,
he that wooes a mistris,
must serue before he haue her,
he that hath no bedfellow,
must lie alone,

And he that hath no Lady,
must be content with Ione,
and so must I,
for why alas my loue and I are parted,
my False Cupid I will haue the whipt,
and haue thy mother carted.

VENUS, MARS, AND CUPID

[*c.* 1610-20]

[*Rawl. MS.* Poet. 1335, leaf 31 back].

Upon a certaine day, when Mars and Venus met
together,
All in a shady bower, wheras she did invite him
thether;
But when as Cupid did espy Mars hit the mark
so narrow
He could not abide, but out he cryed
"Come of[f] of my mother, Sirrah!"

"Peace, boy!" quoth he, "and give consent, for
Venus is a woman,
born to give the world content, and discontent
to no man.
Se how I hold her in mine armes," the boy thought
he had run her through;
And then cryed the lad, as if he had bin mad,
"Come of[f] of my mother, Sirrah, Sirrah!
Come of[f] of my mother Sirrah!"

"I pray the, Cupid, hold thy peace; I will not
hurt thy mother;

Her smiles keep all the world at ease; all discontent is ded.
If thou will give me leave to draw my golden headed arrow,
Ile give thee a groat," "all's one for that,
Come of[f]of my mother, Sirrah, Sirrah!
Come of[f] of my mother Sirrah!"

"Peace, boy!" quoth Venus, this is Mars the furious god of batle;
All the heavenly plannets him obey, then cease thy needless pratle.
He is a god, and will comand; hee'l neither beg nor borrow."
"——Be he god or divil, let him be more civill:
Come of[f] of my mother, Sirrah, Sirrah!
Come of[f] of my mother Sirrah!"

She tooke the child, and kist his cheek, saying "Mars his rage is over;
His friends that we all must keep; se, nothing thou discover;
He will not stay to trouble thee, heel go from hence to-morrow."
"I care not, I; let him go by and by,
Come of[f] of my mother, Sirrah!
Come of[f] of my mother, Sirrah!"

NARCISSUS, COME KISS US!

[*c.* 1610-50]

[*Rawl. MS.* Poet.; also *Ane Pleasant Garden*].

As I was a walking, I cannot tell where,
Nor whither, in verse or in prose;
Nor know I the meaning, altho' they all sate,
Even, as it were, under my nose.
But ever and ever the ladies all cried,
"Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside."

There came in a lad from I cannot tell where,
With I cannot tell what in his hand;
It was a fine thing, tho' it had little sense,
But yet it would lustily stand.
Then ever and ever the ladies all cried,
"Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside."

Some shaked it, some stroked it, some kiss'd it,
For it looked so lovely indeed, [it's said,
All loved it as honey, and none were afraid,
Because of their bodily need.
Then ever and ever the ladies all cried,
"Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside."

At length he did put his pretty fine toy
(I cannot tell were 'twas) below,
Into one of these ladies, I cannot tell why,
Nor wherefore, that he should do so.
Then ever and ever the ladies all cried,
"Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside."

But when these fair ladies had sported all night,
And rifled Dame Nature's scant store;
And pleasured themselves with Venus' delight,
Till the youth could hardly do more.
Then ever and ever the ladies all cried,
"Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside."

The lad being tired, began to retreat,
And hang down his head like a flower;
The ladies the more did desire a new heat,
But alace! it was out of his power.
But ever and ever the ladies all cried,
"Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside."

When full forty weeks were expired,
A pitiful story to tell,
These ladies did get what they little desired,
For their bellies began for to swell.
Still ever and ever the ladies all cried,
"Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside."

Lucina in pity then sent them her aid,
To cese them of all their sorrow;

But when these fair ladies were once brought to bed,
They still had the same mind tomorrow.
And dandling their babies they rantingly—cried,
"Narcissus, shant miss us, and be by our side!"

THE COURTIERS GOOD MORROW TO HIS MISTRIS

[1611]

[From THOMAS RAVENSCROFT'S *Melismata*].

Canst thou loue, and lie alone,
Loue is so, loue is so disgraced:
Pleasure is best, wherein is rest
In a heart embraced.
Rise, rise, rise,
Day-light doe not burn out,
Bels doe ring,
And Birdes doe sing,
Onely I that mourne out.

Morning Starre doth now appeare,
Wind is husht, and skies cleare:
Come come away, come come away,
Canst thou loue and burne out day?
Rise, rise, rise, rise,
Day-light doe not burne out,
Bels doe ring,
Birds doe sing,
Onely I that mourne out.

ROOM FOR A JOVIAL TINKER: OLD BRASS TO MEND

[*c.* 1616]

Here is a Tinker full of mettle,
The which can mend pot, pan, or Kettle;
For stopping of holes is his delight,
His work goes forward day and night.
If there be any women brave
Whose Coldrons need of mending have,
Send for this Tinker nere deny him,
He'l do your work well if you try him.
A proof of him I'le forthwith show,
'Cause you his workmanship may know.

[*Rox. Ballads*, iii. 230: *cf* "The Tinker" from *Merry Drollery* (1616), p. 142 *post*: tune, *Behold the man* &c].

It was a Lady of the North she lov'd a Gentleman,
And knew not well what course to take, to use him now and than.
Wherefore she writ a Letter, and seal'd it with her hand,
And bid him be a Tinker, to mend both pot and pan,
With a hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

And when the merry Gentleman the Letter he
did read,
He got a budget on his back, and Apron with
all speed,
His pretty shears and pincers, so well they did
agree,
With a long pike staff upon his back, came tripping
o're the Lee.
With a hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey
trey, down down, derry.

When he came to the Ladye's house, he knocked
at the gate,
Then answered this Lady gay, "Who knocketh
there so late?"
"'Tis I, Madam," the Tinker said, "I work for
gold and fee:
If you have any broken pots or pans, come
bring them all to me."
With a hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey
trey, down down, derry.

"I am the bravest Tinker that lives beneath the Sun,
If you have any work to do, you shall have it
well done;
I have brasse within my budget, and punching
under my Apron,
I'm come unto your Ladyship, and mean to
mend your Coldron."

With a hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

"I prethee," said the Lady gay, "bring now thy budget in
I have store of work for thee to do, if thou wilt once begin."
Now when the Tinker he came in, that did the budget bear,
"God blesse," quoth he, "your Ladyship! God save you Madam fair."
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

But when the Lady knew his face, she then began to wink,
"Hast, lusty Butler!" then quoth she, "to fetch the man some drink.
Give him such meat as we do eat, and drink as we do use,
It is not for a Tinker's Trad good liquor to refuse."
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey down down, derry.

But when that he had eat and drunk, the truth of all is so,
The Lady took him by the sleeve, her work to him to show,

"Let up thy Tools, Tinker," quoth she, "and
see there be none lost,
And mend my Kettle handsomely, what ere it
doth me cost."
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey
trey, down down, derry.

"Your work, Madam, shall be well done, if you
will pay me for't;
For every nayl that I do drive, you shall give
me a mark.
If I do not drive the nayl to th'head, I'le have
nothing for my pain,
And what I do receive of you shall be return'd again."
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey
trey, down down, derry.

At last being come into the Room, where he the
work should do,
The Lady lay down on the bed, so did the
Tinker too:
Although the Tinker knockt amain, the Lady was
not offended,
But before that she rose from the bed, her Coldron
was well mended.
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey
trey, down down, derry.

But when his work was at an end, which he did
in the dark,
She put her hand into her purse and gave him
twenty mark,
"Heres mony for thy work," said she, "and
I thank thee for thy pain,
And when my Coldron mending lacks I'le send
for thee again."
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey
trey, down down, derry.

The Tinker he was well content for that which
he had done,
So took his budget on his back, and quickly he
was gone.
Then the Lady to her husband went, "O my dear
Lord," quoth she,
I have set the bravest Tinker at work that ever
you did see."
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey
trey, down down, derry.

"No fault at all this Tinker hath, but he takes
dear for his work,
That little time that he wrought here it cost me
twenty mark."
"If you had been so wise," quoth he, "for to
have held your own,

Before you set him to this work the price you
might have known."
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey
trey, down down, derry.

"Pray hold your peace, my Lord," quoth she,
"and think it not too dear.
If you cou'd doo't so well 'twould save you
forty pound a year."
With that the Lord most lovingly, to make all
things amends,
He kindly kist his Lady gay, and so they both
were friends.
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey
trey, down down, derry.

You merry Tinkers, every one, that hear this
new-made Sonnet,
When as you do a Lady's work be sure you
think upon it;
Drive home your nayls to the very head, and
do your work profoundly,
And then no doubt your Mistresses will pay you
for it soundly.
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey
trey, down down, derry.

O JOLLY ROBIN

[*c.* 1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript,* page 95 of MS.].

"O Iolly Robin, hold thy hande!
I am not tyde in Cupids bande;
I pray thee leaue thy foolinge, heyda!
by my faith & troth I cannot: heyda, fie!
what? doe you meane to be soe bold?
I must cry out! I cannot holde: heyda, fie!"
"what a deale of doe is here, is here, is here!"
"I begin to fainta!
heyda, fye! oh! oh! oh! oh!"
"what was *that* you sayd?
heyda! heyda! heyda! heyda!
you will neuer leaue till I be paide."

"O Iolly Robin, doe thy worst!
thou canst not make my belly burst.
I pray thee leaue thy fooling: heyda!"
"by my faith & troth I cannot: heyda, fie!"
"what? doe you meane to vse me soe?
I pray thee Robin let me goe: heyda, fye!"
"what a deale of doe is heere, is heere, is heere!"
"I begin to fainta!

heyda, fye! oh! oh! oh! oh!
"what was *that* you sayd?
heyda! heyda! heyda! heyda!
you will neuer leaue till I be paide."

WHEN PHEBUS ADDREST

[*c.* 1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 96 of MS.; probably the earliest copy known].

When Phebus addrest himselfe to the west,
& set vp his rest below,
Cynthia agreed in her gliteringe weede
her bewtie on me to bestow;
& walking alone, attended by none,
by chance I hard one crye
"O doe not, doe not, kill me yett,
for I am not p*re*pared to dye!"

With that I drew neare to see & to heare,
& strange did appeare such a showe;
the Moone it was bright, & gaue such a light
as ffitts not each wight to know:
a man & a Mayd together were Laid,
& eu*er* the mayd shee did cry,
"O doe not, doe not, kill me yet, I,
for I am not resolued to dye!"

The youth was rough, he tooke vp her stuffe,
& to blindmans buffe they did goe;

hee kept such a coyle, he gaue her the foyle,
soe great the broyle it did growe.
but shee was soe yonge, & he was soe stronge,
& he left her not till shee did crye,
"O doe not, doe not, kill me yett,
for I am not resolued to dye!"

with that he gaue ore, & solemplye swore
he wold kill her noe more *that* night,
but badd her adew: full litle he knew
shee wold tempt him to more delight.
But when they shold part, it went to her hart,
& gaue her more cause for to crye,
"O kill me, kill me, once againe,
ffor Now I am willing to dye!"

FRYAR AND BOYE

[*c.* 1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, p. 104 of MS.: the completest copy known].

That god that dyed for vs all
& dranke both vinigar & gall,
  bringe vs out of balle,
and giue them both good life & longe
w*hi*ch listen doe vnto my songe,
  or tend vnto my talle!

there dwelt a man in my countrye
w*hi*ch in his life had wiues 3,
  a blessing full of Ioye!
By the first wife a sonne he had,
w*hi*ch was a prettye sturdye ladde,
  a good vnhappy boye.

unlucky or full of waggery

His father loued him well,
but his stepmother neue[r] a deale,—
  I tell you as I thinke,—
All things shee thought lost, by the roode,
w*hi*ch to the boy did anye good,
  as either meate or drinke;

And yet I-wis it was but badde,
nor halfe enouge therof he hade,
  but euermore the worst;
And therfore euill might shee fare,
that did the litle boy such care,
  soe forth as shee durst.

Vnto the man the wiffe gan say,
"I wold you wold put this boy awaye,
  & that right soone in haste;
Trulie he is a cursed ladde!
I wold some other man him hade
i.e. chasten that wold him better chast."

Then said the goodman, "dame, not soe,
I will not lett the yonge boy goe,
  he is but tender of age;
Hee shall this yeere with me abyde
till he be growne more strong & tryde
  ffor to win better wage:

"Wee haue a man, a sturdie lout,
which keepeth our neate the feilds about,
  & sleepeth all the day,
Hee shall come home, as god me sheeld,
and the Boy shall into the feild
  to keepe them if hee may."

Then sayd the wiffe in verament,
"husband, therto I giue consent,

for *that* I thinke it neede."
On the Morrow when it was day,
the litle boy went on his way
vnto the feild *with* speede.

Off noe man hee tooke anye care,
but song "hey ho! away the Mare!"
much mirth he did pursue;
fforth hee went *with* might & maine
vntill he came vnto the plaine,
where he his dinner drew.

But when he saw it was soe bad,
full litle list therto he had,
but put it from sight,
Saying he had noe list to tast,
but *that* his hunger still shold last
till hee came home att Night.

And as the boy sate on a hill,
there came an old man him vntill,
was walking by the way;
"Sonne," he said, "god thee see!"
"now welcome, father, may you bee!"
the little boy gan say.

The old man sayd, "I hunger sore;
then hast thou any meate in store
which thou mightest giue to me?"

The child replyed, "soe god me saue!
to such poore victualls as I haue,
right welcome shall you be."

Of this the old man was full gladd,
the boy drew forth such as he hadd,
& sayd "goe to gladlie."
The old man easie was to please,
he eate & made himselfe att ease,
saying, "sonne, god amercye!

"Sonne," he sayd, "thou hast giuen meate to me,
& I will giue 3 things to thee,
what ere thou wilt intreat."
Then sayd the boy, "tis best, I trow,
that yee bestow on me a bowe
with w*hich* I burds may gett."

"A bow, my sonne, I will thee giue,
the w*hich* shall Last while thou dost liue,
was neuer bow more fitt!
ffor if thou shoot therin all day,
waking or winking, or anye waye,
the marke thou shalt hitt."

Now when the bowe in hand he felt,
& had the arrowes vnder his belt,
hartilye he laught I-wiss,
And sayd, "had I a pipe with-all,

tho neuer litle or soe small,
I then had all my wishe."

"A pipe, sonne, thou shalt haue alsoe,
*whi*ch in true Musicke soe shall goe—
I put thee out of doubt—
As who *tha*t liues & shall it heare,
shall haue noe power to forbeare,
but laugh & leape about.

"Now tell me what the 3^{d}. shalbee;
for 3 things I will giue to thee
as I haue sayd before."
The boy then smiling, answere made,
"I haue enough for my pore trade,
I will desire noe more."

The old man sayd, "my troth is plight,
thou shalt haue all I thee behight;
say on now, let me see."
"Att home I haue," the boy replyde,
"a cruell step dame full of pride,
who is most curst to mee;

"when meate my father giues to mee,
shee wishes poyson it might bee,
and stares me in the face:
Now when shee gazeth on me soe,
I wold shee might a rapp let goe
*tha*t might ring through the place."

The old man answered then anon,
"when-ere shee lookes thy face vpon,
her tayle shall wind the horne
Soe Lowdlye, *that* who shold it heare
shall not be able to forbeare,
but laugh her vnto scorne.

"Soe, farwell sonne!" the old man cryed;
"god keepe you, *Sir*!" the boy replyed,
"I take my leaue of thee!
God, *that* blest of all things, may
keepe thee save both night & day!"
"gramercy, sonne!" sayd hee.

When it grew neere vpon the night,
Iacke, well prepared, hied home full right;—
itt was his ordinance;—
And as he went his pipe did blow,
the whilest his cattell on a row
about him gan to dance;

Thus to the towne he pipt full trim,
his skipping beasts did ffollow him
into his ffathers close.
He went & put them [up] each one;
w*hi*ch done, he homewards went anon;
vnto his fathers hall he gooes.

His ffather att his supp*er* sate,
& litle Iacke espyed well thatt,

and said to him anon,
"father, all day I kept your neate,
at night I pray you giue me some meate,
I am hungrye, by Saint Iohn!

"Meateless I haue lyen all the day,
& kept your beasts, they did not stray;
My dinner was but ill."
His ffather tooke a Capon winge,
& at the boy he did it fling,
bidding him eate his fill.

This greeued his stepdames hart full sore,
who lothed the Ladd still more & more;
shee stared him in the face:
with that shee let goe such a blast
that made the people all agast,
itt sounded through the place;

Each one laught & made good game,
but the curst wife grew red for shame
and wisht shee had beene gone.
"Perdy," the boy sayd, "well I wott
that gun was both well charged and shott,
and might haue broke a stone."

ffull curstlye shee lookt on him tho;
that looke another cracke lett goe
which did a thunder rise.
Quoth the boy, "did you euer see

a woman let her pelletts flee
More thicke and more at ease?

"ffye!" said the boy vnto his dame,
"temp*er* yo*ur* teltale bum*m*, for shame!"
w*hi*ch made her full of sorrow.
"Dame," said the goodman, "goe thy way,
for why, I sweare, by night nor day
thy geere is not to borrow."

Now afterwards, as you shall heare,
Vnto the house there came a fryar,
& lay there all the night.
The wiffe this fryer loued as a S*ain*t,
and to him made a great complaint
of Iackes most vile despight.

"We haue," q*uo*th shee, "w*i*thin, I-wis,
a wiced boy,—none shrewder is,—
vex w*hi*ch doth me mighty care;
I dare not looke vpon his face,
or hardly tell my shamefull case,
soe filthylie I fare;

"for gods loue meet this boy to-morrow,
beat him well, & giue him sorrow,
and make him blind or lame."
The fryar swore he wold him beat,
the wiffe prayd him not to forgett,
the boy did her much shame:

"Some wiche he is," q*uo*th shee, "I smell."
"but," q*uo*th the fryar, "Ile beat him well!
of *tha*t take you noe care;
Ile teach him witchcraft, if I may."
"O," q*uo*th the wiffe, "doe soe, I pray,
lay on & doe not spare."

Early next morne the boy arose,
& to the field full soone he goes,
his cattell for to driue.
The fryer then vp as early gatt,
he was afrayd to come to late,
he ran full fast & blythe.

But when he came vnto the land,
he found where litle Iacke did stand,
keeping his beasts alone.
"Now, boy," he said, "god giue thee shame!
what hast thou done to thy stepdame?
tell me forthw*i*th anon!

"And if thou canst not quitt thee well,
Ile beate thee till thy body swell,
I will not longer byde."
The boy replyed, "what ayleth thee?
my stepdame is as well as thee;
what needs you thus to Chyde?

"Come, will you see my arrow flye
and hitt yon small bird in the eye,

& other things w*i*thall?
S*i*r fryer, tho I haue litle witt,
yett yonder bird I meane to hitt,
& giue her you I shall."

There sate a small birde in a bryar:
"Shoot, shoot, you wagg," then sayd the fryer,
"for that I long to see."
Iacke hitt the bird vpon the head
soe right *that* shee fell downe for dead,
noe further cold shee flee.

ffast to the bush the fryar went,
laid hold on & vp the bird in hand hee hent,
much wondering at the chance.
Meane while Iacke tooke his pipe & playd
soe lowd, the fryar grew mad apaide,
&.fell to skip and dance;

Now sooner was the pipes sound heard,
but Bedlam like he bou[n] cet & fared,
& leapt the bush about;
The sharpe bryars cacth him by the face,
and by the breech & other place,
that fast the blood ran out;

It tare his clothes downe to the skirt,
cowl his cope, his coole, his linen shirt,
garment & euery other weede.
The thornes this while were rough and thicke,

& did his priuy members pricke,
that fast they gan to bleede.

Iacke, as he piped, laught amonge; at intervals
the fryar with bryars was vildlye stunge,
he hopped wonderous hye.
Att last the fryar held vp his hand,
& said, "I can noe longer stand!
Oh! I shall dancing dye!

"Gentle Iacke, thy pipe hold still,
& here I vow for goode nor ill
to doe thee any woe!"
Iacke laug[h]ing, to him thus replyed,
"fryer, sckipp out on the other side,
thou hast free leaue to goe."

Out of the bush the fryar then went,
all Martird, raggd, scratcht & rent,
& torne on euery side;
Hardly on him was left a clout
to wrap his belly round about,
his harlotrye to hide.

The thornes had scratcht him by the face,
the hands, the thighes, & euery place,
he was all bathed in bloode
Soe much, *that* who the fryar did see,
for feare of him was faine to flee,
thinking he had beene woode.

When to the good wife home he came,
he made noe bragge for verry shame
to see his clothes rent all;
Much sorrow in his hart he had,
mad & euery man did guesse him made
when he was in the hall.

The goodwiffe said, "where hast thou beene?
sure in some evill place, I weene,
by sight of thine array."
"Dame," said he, "I came from thy sonne;
the devill & he hath me vndone,
noe man him conquer may."

with *that* the goodman he came in,
made complaint the wiffe sett on her madding pin,
cryed, "heeres a foule array!
thy sonne, *that* is thy liffe & deere,
hath almost slaine the holy fryar,
alas & welaway!"

The goodman said, "Benedicitee!
what hath the vile boy done to thee?
now tell me without let."
"The devill him take!" the fryar he sayd,
"he made me dance, despite my head,
to gambol among the thornes the hey-to-bee."

The goodman said vnto him thoe,
"father! hadst thou beene murdered soe,

it had beene deadly sine."
The fryar to him made this replye,
"the pipe did sound soe Merrilye
that I cold never blin." stop

Now when it grew to almost night,
Iacke the boy came home full right
as he was wont to doo;
But when he came into the hall,
full soone his father did him call,
& bad him come him too:

"Boy," he said, "come tell me heare,
what hast thou done vnto this fryer?
lye not in any thing."
"ffather," he said, "now by my birthe,
I plaide him but a fitt of Mirth
& pipet him vp a spring."

"That pipe," said his father, "wold I heare."
"now god forbidd!" cryed out the fryar;
his hands he then did wringe.
"You shall," the boy said, "by gods grace."
the ffryar replyed, "woe & alas!"
making his sorrowes ringe.

"ffor gods loue!" said the warched fryar,
"& if you will *that* strange pipe heare,
binde me fast to a post!
for sure my fortune thus I reade,

if dance I doe, I am but deade,
my woe-full life is lost!"

Strong ropes they tooke, both sharpe and round,
& to the post the fryer bounde
in the middest of the hall.
All they *whi*ch att the table sate,
laughed and made good sport theratt,
sayinge, "fryer, thou canst not fall!"

Then sayd the goodman to the boy,
"Iacke, pipe me vp a merry toye,
pipe freelye when thou will!"
"ffather," the boy said, "verelye
you shall haue mirth enoughe & glee
till you bidd me bee still."

*Wi*th *tha*t his pipe he quicklye sent,
& pipt, the whilest in verament
each creature gan to dance;
Lightly thé scikipt & leapt about,
throwing out yarking in their leggs, now in, now out,
striuing aloft to prance.

The good man, as in sad dispaire,
leapt out & through and ore his chayre,
noe man cold caper hyer;
Some others leapt quite ore the stockes,
some start att strawes & fell att blockes,
some wallowed in the fyer.

The goodman made himselfe good sportt
to see them dance in this madd sortt;
the goodwiffe sate not still,
But as shee dancet shee looket on Iacke,
& fast her tayle did double each cracke,
lowd as a water Mill.

The fryer this while was almost lost,
he knocket his pate against the post,
it was his dancing grace;
The rope rubd him vnder the chinn
that the blood ran from his tattered sckin
in many a Naked place.

Iacke, piping, ran into the street;
they followed him *with* nimble ffeet,
hauing noe power to stay,
And in their hast they dore did cracke,
eche tumbling over his ffellows backe
vnmindfull of their way.

The Neighbors *that* were dwelling by,
hearing the pipe soe Merrilye,
came dancing to the gate;
Some leapt ore dores, some oer the hatch,
Noe man wold stay to draw the latch
but thought they came to Late;

Some sicke or sleeping in their bedd,
as thé by chance lift vp their heade,

were with the pipe awaked;
Straight forth *the* start thorrow dores & kockes,
some in their shirts, some in their smockes,
& some starke belly naked.

When all were gathered round about,
here was a vild vnrulye rout
that dancing in the street,
Of *which*, some lame *that* cold not goe,
striuing to leape, did tumble soe
they dancet on hands & feet.

Iacke tyred with the sport said, "now Ile rest."
"doe," q*uo*th his father, "I hold it best,
thou cloyest me with this cheere;
I pray thee, boy, now quiett sitt;
in faith this was the Merryest fitt
I heard this 7 yeere."

All those *that* dancing thither came,
laught heartilye & made good game,
yett some gott many a fall.
"Thou cursed boy!" cryed out the fryar,
"heere I doe sum*m*on thee to appeare
beffore the Officiall!

"Looke thou be there on fryday next;
Ile meet thee then, thou now p*er*plext,
for to ordaine thee sorrow."
The boy replyed, "I make avowe,

fryer, Ile appeare as soone as thou,
if fryday were to Morrowe."

But fryday came, as you shall heare;
Iackes stepdam & the dancing fryar,
together they were mett,
And other people a great pace
flockt to the court to heare eche case:
the Officiall was sett.

Much c[i]uill matters were to doo,
more libells read then one o tow
both [against priest & clarke;]
Some there had testaments to proue,
some women there through wanton loue,
*whi*ch gott strokes in the darke.

Each Proctor there did plead his case;
when forth did stepp fryer Topias
& Iackes stepdame alsoe:
"Sir Officiall," a-lowd said hee,
"I haue brought a wicked boy to thee,
hath done me mightye woe;

"He is a wiche, as I doe feare,
in Orleance he can find noe peere,
this of my troth I know."
"He is a Devill," q*uo*th the wiffe,
"& almost hath bereaued my liffe!"
at *tha*t her taile did blow.

Soe lowd, the assembly laught theratt,
& said 'her pistolls cracke was flatt,
the charge was all amisse.'
"Dame," q*uo*th the gentle Officiall,
"p*ro*ceed & tell me forth thy tale,
& doe not let for this."

The wiffe *tha*t feared another cracke,
stood mute, & neere a word shee spake;
shame put her in such dread.
"Ha!" said the fryer right angerlye,
"knaue! this is all along sill of thee;
now euill mayst thou speed!"

The fryer said, "S*i*r Officiall!
this wicked boy will vexe vs all
vnlesse you doe him chast.
S*i*r, he hath yett a pipe trulye
will make you dance & leape full hie
& breake yo*u*r hart at last."

The Officiall replyd, "p*er*dee!
such a pipe faine wold I see,
& what mirth it can make."
"Now god forbidd!" replyed the fryar,
"*tha*t ere wee shold *tha*t vild pipe heare
ere I my way hence take."

"Pipe on, Iacke!" sayd the officiall,
"& let me heare thy cuning all."

Iacke blew his pipe full lowde
That euery man start vp & dancte;
Proctors & preists, and somners pranct,
& all in *that* great crowde;

Over the deske the officiall ran,
& hopt vpon the table, then
straight Iumpt vnto the flore.
The fryer *that* danct as fast as hee,
mett him midway, & dangerouslye
broke eithers face full sore.

The register leapt from his pen,
& hopt into the throng of men,
his inkhorne in his hande;
with swinging round about his head,
some he strucke blind, some almost dead,
some they cold hardly stand.

The proctors flung their bills about,
the goodwiues tayle gaue many a shout,
perfuming all the Mirthe;
The Somners, as they had beene woode,
leapt ore the formes & seates a goode,
& wallowed on the earth.

Wenches *that* for their pennance came,
& other Meeds of wordlye shame,
danct euery one as fast;
Each sett on a merry pin,

some broke their heads, & some their shin,
& some their noses brast.

The officiall thus sore turmayld,
Halfe swelt *with* sweat, & almost spoyld,
cryed to the wanton childe
'To pipe noe more within that place,
but stay the sound, euen for gods grace,
& loue of Mary Milde.'

Iacke sayd, "as you will, it shal be,
provided I may hence goe free,
& no man doe me wrong,
Neither this woman nor this fryer,
nor any other creature heere."

he answered him anon,
"Iacke, I to thee my promise plight,
in thy defence I mean to fight,
& will oppose thy fone."

Iacke ceast his pipes: then all still stood;
some laughing hard, some raging woode.
soe *parted at that* tide
The Officiall & the Somner,
the stepdame & the wicked fryer,
with much Ioy, mirth, and pride.

AS I WAS RIDINGE BY THE WAY

[*c.* 1620-50].

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 104 of MS.].

As I was ryding by the way,
  a woman p*ro*fered me a bagge,
& 40$^{ty^e}$. cattell more, to stay
  & giue her belly but a swagge.

A pox on the whore, they were but scrapps
  *tha*t I supposed was single monye;
the cattell had lice, or else p*er*happs
  I had light and tooke her by the coney.

I had not further rydd a Myle
  but I mett w*i*th a market Maide
who sunge, the way for to beguile,
  in these same words, and thus shee said:

"I see the Bull dothe Bull the cow;
  & shall I liue a maiden still?
I see the bore doth brim the sow;
  & yet there is neuer a Iacke for gill."

I had some hope, & to her spoke,
  "sweet hart, shall I put my flesh in thine?"

"with all my hart, Sir! your nose in my arse,"
quoth she, "for to keepe out the winde."

Shee ryde vpon a tyred mare,
& to reuenge noe time withstoode,
I bluntlye asket pro to occupye her;
but first shee wold know wherfore that was good.

"It will make thee liuely," I did say,
"put Ioy and spiritt in stead of woee."
"then occupy my mare, I pray,
good Sir, for shee can hardlye goe."

I milder grew, & wold but feele:
She said she was neuer felt, but kist;
I was content, & shee said, "weele,
youst kisse my bum and feele my fist."

I was red & pale with shame & spight
to be soe answered of the drabb,
that I swore, & spurrd, & away did ride,
& of my wooinge was noe blabbe.

OFF A PURITANE

[*c.* 1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 182 of MS.].

It was a puritanicall ladd
*tha*t was called Mathyas,
& he wold goe to Amsterdam
to speake with Ananyas.
he had not gone past halfe a mile,
but he mett his holy sister;
hee layd his bible vnder her breeche,
& merylye hee kist her.

"Alas! what wold they wicked say?"
q*uo*th shee, "if they had seene itt!
my Buttocckes thé lye to lowe: I wisht
appocrypha were in itt!"
"but peace, Sweet hart, or ere wee p*ar*t,—
I speake itt out of pure devotion,—
by yee & nay Ile not away
till thou feele my spiritts motion."

Thé huft & puft with many heaues,
till *tha*t thé both were tyred,
"alas!" q*uo*th shee, "youle spoyle the leaues;
my peticoates all Myred!

if wee p*ro*fessors shold bee knowne
to the English congregation
eyther att Leyden or Amsterdam,
itt wold disgrace our nation;

"But since itt is, *tha*t p*a*rt wee must,
tho I am much vnwilling,
good brother, lets haue the tother thrust,
& take thee this fine shilling
to beare thy charges as thou goes,
& passage ore the ocean."
then downe shee Layd, & since tis sayd,
shee quencht his spirits motion.

A MAID AND A YOUNGE MAN

[*c.* 1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript,* page 197 of MS.].

A man and a younge maid *that* loued a long time
were tane in a frenzye ithe Midsom*m*er prime;
the maid shee lay drooping, hye;
the man he lay whopping, hey, the man he lay
whopping hoe.

Thus talking & walking thé came to a place
Inuironed about w*i*th trees & w*i*th grasse,
The maid shee lay drooping, hye;
the man he lay whopping, hey, the man he lay
whopping hoe.

He shifted his hand wheras he had placet,
hee handled her knees instead of her wast,
The Maid shee lay drooping, hye;
the man he lay whopping, hey, the man he lay
whopping hoe.

He shiffted his hand till hee came to her knees,
he tickeled her, & shee opened her thyhes,
yett s[t]ill shee lay drooping, hye;
the man he lay whopping, hey, the man he lay
whopping hoe.

He hottered & totered, & there was a line
that drew him on forward; he went on amaine;
yett still shee lay drooping, hye;
the man he lay whopping, hey, the man he lay
whopping hoe.

He light in a hole ere he was aware!
the lane itt was streat; he had not gone farr,
but shee fell a kissing, hye!
and he lay drooping, hoe, and he lay drooping, hoe.

"My Billy, my pilly! how now?" q*uo*th shee;
"gett vp againe, Billy, if *tha*t thou louest me;"
yett still he Lay drooping, hye;
the man he lay whopping, hey, the man he lay
whopping hoe.

He thought Mickle shame to lye soe longe;
he gott vp againe & grew very strong;
the Mayd shee Lay drooping, hye;
the man he lay whopping, hey, the man he lay
whopping hoe.

The trees & the woods did wring about,
and e*uery* leafe began to showte,
and there was such drooping, hye;
the man he lay whopping, hey, the man he lay
whopping hoe.

IN A MAY MORNINGE

[*c.* 1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript,* page 383 of MS.].

In a may morning I mett sweet nursse
with a babe in her armes, sweetly cold busse.
I wold to god itt were mine! I shold be glad ont!
ffor it was a merry mumping thing, who ere was
dad ont.

I saluted her kindlye, & to her I sayd,
"god morrow, sweet honye, and you be a mayd;
or if you wold shew to me, I shold be glad ont;
or if you wold tell me who is the right dad ont."

"The dad of my child, Sir, I doe not well know,
ffor all *that* lay with mee refuseth me now
from one to the other; still I wold be rid ont."
"but whosoeuer gott the Child, Ile be the dad ont."

"Ile take itt in mine armes, & wislye Ile worke,
Ile lay itt the hye way as men come from kirke,
& euerye one *that* comes by shall haue a
glegge ont, glance or sly look
vntill I haue ffound out a man, the right dad ont."

There came a kind Scot[c]hman whose name is not knowne,
sayes hee to this sweet hart, "this babye is mine owne;
come bind it vpon my backe; Ione shall be rid ont;
for whosoeu*er* gott the child, Ile be the dad ont."

"Now, nay! now, nay!" shee sayes, "soe itt may not bee!
yo*ur* looke & his countenance doe not agree;
for had hee beene sike a swayne, I had neere been great ont;
for hee was a blythe young man *tha*t was the right dad ont.

"his lippes like the rubye, his cheekes like the rose,
he tempthed all ffayre mayds where-euer he goes
first he did salute mee; then was I right glad ont;
O hee was a blythe younge man *tha*t was the right dad ont.

"Ile trauell through England & Scottland soe wyde,
& a-ffoote I will ffollow him to be his bryde;
Ile bind itt vpon my backe, Ile not be ryd ont
vntill I haue found out the man *tha*ts the right dad ont.

husse = hush; say = silk

"Ile husse itt, Ile busse itt, Ile lapp itt in say;
Ile rocke itt, Ile lull itt, by night & by day;

Ile bind itt vpon my backe, Ile not be ridde ont vntill I haue found out the man *tha*ts the right dad ont.

"And thus to conclude, thoe itt ffall to my Lott to ffind a dad ffor my barne *tha*t I cannott; if an englishman gett a child, & wold be ridd ont, let him bring it to Scot[c]hman, and heele be the dad ont."

bairn, child

I DREAMED MY LOUE

[*c.* 1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 480 of MS. Also a varying version in *Merry Drollery*, 1661].

I dreamed my loue lay in her bedd:
itt was my Chance to take her:
her leggs & armes abroad were spredd;
shee slept; I durst not awake her.
O pitty itt were, *that* one soe faire
shold Crowne her loue *with* willowe;
the tresses of her golden haire
did kisse he[r] louely pillowe.

Methought her belly was a hill
much like a mount of pleasure,
vnder whose height there growes a well;
the depth no man Can measure.
about the ple[s]ant mountaines topp
there growes a louely thickett,
wherin 2 beagles trambled,
& raised a liuely prickett.

They hunted there *with* pleasant noyce
about the pleasant mountaine,

till hee by heat was fforct to ffly,
& skipp into the ffountaine.
they beagles ffollowed to the brinke,
& there att him they barked;
he plunged about, but wold not shrinke;
his Coming fforth they wayted.

Then fforth he Came as one halfe lame,
weere weary, ffaint, and tyred;
& layd him downe betwixt her leggs,
as helpe he had required.
the beagles being reffresht againe,
my Louc ffrom sleepe bereued;
shee dreamed shee had me in her armes,
& shee was not deceiued.

ALL IN A GREENE MEADOWE

[*c.* 1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 518 of MS.].

All in a greene meadow, a riuer running by,
I hard a *proper* maiden both waile, weepe, and crye,
the teares ffrom her eyes as cleare as any pearle;
much did I lament the mourning of the girle:
shee sighed and sobbed, & to her selfe sayd,
"alas! what hap had I to liue soe long a maid?

"Now in this world no Curtesye is knowen,
& young men are hard harted, w*hi*ch makes me liue alone;
the day and time hath beene, if I had still beene wise,
I might haue enioyed my true loue had I not beene so n[ise];
but Coyishness, & toyishness, & peeuishness such store
hath brought me to this pensiueness, and many maidens [more].

"Some dames *tha*t are p*re*cise, & heare me thus Complaine,
theyle thinke me fond and Idle, my Creditt much wold sta[ine.]

but lett me ansewre them; the Case might be
their owne;
the wisest on the earth, by loue may be orethrowen;
ffor Cupid is blinded, and cometh in a Cloud,
& aimeth att a ragg as soone as att a robe.

"Sith goddesses come downe to iest with such a boy,
then hapily poore maidens may tread shoestheir
awrye.
Hellen of greece for bewty was the rarest,
a wonder of the world, & certainlye the ffairest;
yett wold shee, nor Cold shee, liue a maiden still.
. . . . . MS. torn away
. . . . . few or none can carrye
. . . . . others all did marry
. . . . . oftime *that* they haue vsed before
[Whoever it be] *that* come, I will deny no more,
[be itt light o]r be itt darke, doe he looke or winke,
[Ile let him hit] the marke, if he haue witt but
for to thinke.

[Tho silly m]aidens nicely deny itt when its offered,
[yet I wi]sh them wisely to take itt when itts
p*roffered*;
[If they be li]ke to Cressus to scorne soe true a freind,
[Theyle be] glad to receiue poore Charitye in the end.
. [ti]me gone & time past is not recalld againe;
[t]herfore I wish all mayds make hast, lest with
me thé Complaine.

A DAINTY DUCKE

[*c.* 1620-50].

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 487 of MS.].

A dainty ducke I Chanced to meete;
shee wondered what I wold doe,
& curteously shee did mee greete
as an honest woman shold doe.

I asked her if shee wold drinke;
shee wondered what I wold doe,
shee answered me with sober winke,
as an honest woman shold doe.

I tooke . . . . . .

[*A leaf is gone here in the MS., containing among other things perhaps the beginning of "The Spanish Lady"*].

THE JOVIAL COMPANIONS,

OR

THE THREE MERRY TRAVELLORS,

WHO PAID THEIR SHOT WHERE EVER THEY CAME,

WITHOUT EVER A STIVER OF MONEY

[*c.* 1630]

[In *Bagford Ballads*, i. 88; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), vi. 177].

There was three Travellers, Travellers three,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And they wou'd go Travel the *North* Country,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

They Travelled *East*, and they Travelled *West*,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
Where ever they came still they drank of the best,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

At length by good fortune they came to an Inn,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And they were as Merry as e're they had been,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

A Jolly young Widdow did smilling appear,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
Who drest them a Banquet of delicate cheer,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

Both Chicken and sparrow grass she did provide,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
You'r Welcome kind Gentlemen, welcome, (she cry'd)
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

They called for liquor, both Beer, Ale, and Wine,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And every thing that was curious and fine,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

They drank to their Hostess a merry full bowl,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
She pledg'd them in love, like a generous Soul,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

The Hostess, her Maid, and Cousin all three,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
They Kist and was merry, as merry cou'd be,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

full Bottles and Glasses replenisht the Board,
With a hey down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
No liquors was wanting the house cou'd afford,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

When they had been Merry good part of the Day,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
They called their Hostess to know what's to pay,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

There's Thirty good shilling, and Six pence, (she cry'd)
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
They told her that she should be soon satisfy'd,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

The Handsomest Man of the three up he got,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
He laid her on her Back, and paid her the shot,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

The middlemost Man to her Cousin he went,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
She being handsome, he gave her Content,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

The last Man of all he took up with the Maid,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And thus the whole shot it was Lovingly paid,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

The Hostess, the Cousin, and Servant, we find,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
Made Courchies, and thankt them for being so kind,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

The Hostess said, welcome kind Gentlemen all,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,

If you chance to come this way be pleased to Call,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

Then taking their Leaves they went merrily out,
With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And they're gone for to Travel the Nation about,
Without ever a stiver of Mony.

THE KIND-HEARTED CREATURE;

OR

The prettiest iest that er'e you knew,
Yet I'le say nothing but what is true;
I once heard of a cunning Whore,
But ner'e the like of this before.

[1630]

[By R[ICHARD] C[RIMSALL], *Rox. Ballads*, iii. 166, 167; see CHAPPELL'S *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (1855-59) i. 306, 356, 375; tune, *The Mother beguiled the Daughter*].

All you that are disposed now, to hear a merry jest,
By me shall be disclosed how a bonny Lasse confest,
That she had loued one or two, nay, two or three and twenty,
I cannot tell what they did doe, but she had Louers plenty.
Sing Boyes, drink Boyes, why should we not be merry?
I'le tell you of a bonny Lasse, and her Loue beyond the Ferry.

This bonny Lass had caught a clap it seemes
by some young shauer;
Shc being match['d] with such mishap, the Ladds
began to leaue her;
Though she mist of their company, some one
made sure bargain:
But she was lou'd of so many, that it is worth
regarding,
Yet she will sing, and alwayes say, "Drink round
and lets be merry;
I haue a loue in Lankeshire, and a little beyond
the ferry."

She now being called to account, for to describe
aright
What yo[u]ng man was the Father on't, and her
owne heart's-delight;
But she could not resolue the same, because
there was so many,
She knew not's trade, nor yet his name, for she
was free for any.
Sing Boyes, drink Boyes, why should we not
be merry?
I have a loue in Lankeshire, and a little beyond
the ferry.

Quothe she, "And if it haue a Booke, then 'twas
the man i'th' Gowne,

Or other wayes, an't haue a hooke, 'twas the Sheephard on the down;
Or if it haue a whip in's hand, then sure it was a carter;
Or if it cannot goe nor stand, I thinke 'twas drunken *Artor.*
Sing Boyes, drink Boyes! why should we not be merry?
I haue a loue in Lankeshire, and a little beyond the ferry.

'And if it haue a new fash'on, 'twas one came out of *France;*
And if it be a Musician, 'twas one taught me to dance;
And if in's hand a needle be, then sure it was a Taylor;
Or if it chance to crosse the Sea, I thinke it a was saylor.
Sing Boyes, drinke Boyes, why should we not be merry?
I haue a loue in Lankeshire, and a litle beyond the ferry.

THE SECOND PART, TO THE SAME TUNE

"And if it haue a Hammer, then sure a Smith was he,
And if it be full of man[n]er, 't was one of good degree;

Or if it haue a shuttle, a Weaver sure was he then;
"And if that it be wise and su[b]tle, 'twas one of the Bayliffe's yong-men.
Sing Boyes, drinke Boyes, why should we not be merry?
I haue a loue in Lankeshire, and a little beyond the ferry.

"And if it haue a long locke, a Courtier sure was he;
And if it be a prety-cocke, then that t'was *William* he;
And if it haue a shooe in's hand, it was the boone Shoomaker;
Or if it haue a durty hand, 'twas sure a donghill-raker,
Sing Boyes, drinke Boyes, why should we not be merry?
I haue a loue in Lankeshire, and a little beyond the ferry.

"And if it haue a Kettle, then sure he was a Tinker;
And if it be full of mettle, 'twas sure a good Ale-drinker;
And if that he be Gresie, then sure it was a Butcher;
And if that he be lowsie, then sure it was a Botcher.

Sing Boyes, drinke Boyes, why should we not
be merry?
I haue a loue in Lankeshire, and a little beyond
the ferry.

"And if in's hand a flower be, a Gardner was
the man, sure;
And if it loue to take a Fee, I thinke t'was the
. Pariture: apparitor
And if it be in a gowne of gray, 'twas one that
lives i'th' Country:
And if that it be fresh and gay, 'twas one of
the common gentry.
Sing Boyes, drinke Boyes, why should we not
be merry?
I haue a loue in Lankeshire, and a little beyond
the ferry.

"And if it have a Pen in's hand, then sure it
was a Scriu'ner;
And if i'th' Tauern he loue to stand, then sure
it was a Vintner;
And if it haue a drowsie eye, 'twas him that
they call 'Sleeper';
And if with bromes and hornes he cry, 'twas
sure the Chimney-sweeper.
Sing Boyes, drinke Boyes, why should we not
be merry?

I haue a loue in Lankeshire, and a little beyond the ferry.

"And if in's hand he haue a Funne, then sure it was a Baker;
And if he loue to drinke i'th' Tunne, 'twas then the good Ale-maker;
And if he loue to ride a Horse, I think it was an Ostler;
Or else it was the man o'th' Crosse, that was a valiant Wrastler.
Sing Boyes, drinke Boyes, why should we not be merry?
I haue a loue in Lankeshire, and a little beyond the ferry.

"And if it haue a mealy face, 'twas him that grin[d]es the corne;
And if a long note be in place, 'tis him that windes the horne;
And many more I here might name, which lou'd me once most dearely;
But that indeed it is a shame, for enough is shewen hereby.
Sing Boyes, drinke Boyes, why should we not be merry?
I haue a loue in Lankeshire, and a little beyond the ferry.

"Now all the hope I haue is this, my barne must
haue a Father,
And I confesse I did amisse, would I had re-
pented rather.
Yet ther's a youngman loues me wel, but I could
nere abide him;
I know of me hel'e haue no feare, though many
will deride him."
Sing Boyes, drinke Boyes! why should we not
be merry?
I've told you of a bonny Lasse, and her Loue
beyond the Ferry."

THE JOVIALL PEDLER

OR

A MERRY NEW DITTY, WHICH IS BOTH HARMLESSE, PLEASANT, AND WITTY

[1637-39]

[*Rox. Ballads,* iii. 184; mutilated throughout, but apparently unique; with other stanzas being additions from *Wit & Drollery*, 1661].

There was a Joviall Pedler, and he cryde Cony-skins,
[An]d on his back he had a pack [fu]ll of points and pins,
[W]ith laces and braces, [an]d other prety things.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any Cony, Cony-skins?"

"Maids, bring out your Cony-skins," the Pedler doth you pray;
For then you may have points or pins, be they black or gray;

[*Two lines are here torn away*]
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any Cony, Cony-skins?"

The Pedler to an Ale-house went and call'd for beere and ale,
In midst of all his merriment his purse began to faile.
His laces and braces and all his prety things:
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any Cony, Cony-skins?"

When he came to pay the shot his heart grew very cold,
For he had broke a black pot, which made his Ostesse scold,
And all his money spent which made him to lament,
Hey down, ho down, with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry, merrily,
"Maids, have you any Cony, Cony-skins?"

The Pedler took his cony-skins, and his Cob-web Lawn

The Pedler took his points and pins [and] laid
them there to pawn:
[His laces] and braces, [*Two lines and a half are
here missing*]
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any Cony, Cony-skins?"

[THE SECOND PART, TO THE SAME TUNE]

The Pedler he went drunk to bed, and when
he did awake,
Then he remembred what he did, it made his
heart to ake.
His Ostesse had his ware, and left him very bare.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any Cony, Cony-skins?"

He to his Ostesse faire did say, and did prevaile
so farre,
He got his ware of her again, and took his leave
of her:
He took up his pack, and hung it on his back.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"

The high-way it was very deep, which sorely troubled him,
Through the water did he creep, and set his ware to swim;
His laces and braces, and all his prety things.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"

The Pedler on a hill did get, and laid his ware to dry,
His cony-skins was very wet, which grieved him wondrously:
His laces and braces, and all his prety things.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"

The Pedler he fell fast asleep, and as asleep he lay,
Up the hill a Knave did creep, and stole his ware away:
His laces and braces, and all his prety things.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"

95855

The Pedler waked from his sleep, [and] found
his ware was gone,
[*Two lines torn away*]
With an empty pack to shew what he did lack.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"

There was two lovely Lasses, that in one house
did dwell,
The one of them was bon[n]y *Kate*, the other
bouncing *Nell*:
And either of them both had Cony-skins to sell.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"

Kate brought forth her Cony-skins, from under-
neath the Staires,
They were as black as any Jet, and full of silver
haires:
The Pedler would have bought them rather than
his eares.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,

But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"

Nell brought forth hers to sell, one of another view,
They were as good as good might be, and that the Pedler knew,
The sawcy Jack set down his pack, and set his wares to view.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"
[*A Harl. MS. copy reads 'And forth his wares he drewe, Hey down.' It continues thus:*]

[Then he tooke up his Packe againe, and would have gon his way,
Those Maids they cal'd him back againe, and pray'd him for to stay;
And they would show him cunny skins, a white one and a grey,
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"]

Besse went tripping ore the green, with one poor Cony-skin,
Because shee would not have it seene, or known where she had bin,

Shee closely hid the same, untill the Pedlar came.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"

The Maidens of *Camberwell* brought forth their skins;
But when they came their ware to sell, the Pedler had no pins,
Nor laces, nor braces, nor such prety things.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"

The Maidens have truste[d him] with thei[r]
[Torn off] Cony-skins;
And he hath [promis'd, sleek and prim, as one who cheats and wins;
And tells them, he will come again, and give them pretty things.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"

[Ere two (score) weekes were gon and past, these maids began to say
Where is this Joviall Pedler that vsde to come this way?

I doubt hee hath couzen'd vs and soe is run away.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"]

[*A "Wit and Drollery" version* (1661) *reads as follows from the point where the Harl. MS. text is given on page* 100]

"The Pedlar he took up his Pack, and 'gan to go his way
The Maidens call'd him back again, desiring him to stay,
For they would show him cony-skines, a white one and a gray.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"

"I pray you, fair maids, to take no further care,
For when that I come back again I'le give you ware for ware:
But you have all at this time that now I can well spare."
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"

E're forty weeks were gon and past, the maides began to say,
"What's come of this Pedlar, that used here every day?
I fear he hath beguiled us, and run another way."
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?"

"But now these fair maides their bellies began to swell,
But were to find the Pedlar, alack! they could not tell,
Then they wish'd that all fair maides no more Coney-skinnes would sell.
Hey down, ho down! with a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,
"Maids, have you any cony, cony-skins?

THE DAINTY DAMSEL'S DREAM,

OR

CUPID'S VISIONS

The Maid saw such strange Visions in her sleep,
When she awak'd it forc'd her for to weep:
She dreaming lay, and thought her Love lay by,
But he alas! was not at that time nigh.
Then list and you shall hear the Damsel's Dream,
And afterwards what followed the same.

[*c.* 1654]

[By LAURENCE PRICE; *Rox. Ballads*, iii. 226: probably unique; tune, *As she lay sleeping in her bed*].

As I lay on my lovely bead, I fell into a dream,
God *Cupid* he attended me, and straight upon the same,
The Chamber where I lodged in, me thought, was all on fire,
Then *Mars* and *Jupiter* came in, with wrath and furious ire

After came *Venus* with her train of Nimphs most
fair and bright,
And prickt my heart in every vain, much like to
kill me quite;
I knew no reason why their rage and anger
should be so,
"Why then," quoth *Venus*, "to thy selfe, thou art
a mortall foe.

"There is a young man loves thee deer, and
now is like to dye,
Because for him thou dost not care; that is the
reason why,
That thou art punished so sore, here in thy
naked bed,
And if thou wilt not yeeld to love, we mean to
kill thee dead."

"Fair Queen," quoth I, "grant me this boon I
may so happy be,
For to present him to my view that I the man
may see:
And if that I can fancy him, there is no more to do,
But I will yeeld to be his love, and kisse and
hug him too."

With that the flames all quenched was, and all
the coasts was cleare,
And then a proper hansom youth did in my
sight appeare;

Like young *Adonis* in his prime this gallant seem'd
to be,
Of courage bold, and valour brave, and fortitude
was he.

THE SECOND PART, TO THE SAME TUNE

His face like to an Angel's was, his eyes like
starrs did shine,
In every part from top to toe, he seemed a Saint
divine,
His sweet perfumed honied breath did bear so
rare a smell,
The richest Odors in the world for s[c]ent it did
excell.

With courtely words and compliments he did
mee kindly greet,
Crossing my lips ten thousand times with Kisses
soft and sweet;
In his right hand a purse of gold he had, and
did me give,
And told me I should never want such Coyn
whilest I did live.

It ravished my senses all, and set my heart on
fire,
His countenance for to behold it made me to
admire!
So that I much desired then to have his company,
His comely person to imbrace as I in bed did lie.

His hose and doublet he stript off, and came
into my bed,
Saying that he must master be, and have my
maidenhead;
Good lack! how willing then was I his love to
entertain:
The thought of action moved me in every limb
and vain.

When all my vitals thus were rais'd, and ready
for the sport,
Cupid and *Venus* stole away and so broke up
the sport,
Even so departed all the Nimphs, and straight
upon the same
I wak'd and wep[t], because I saw all things was
but a dream.

Fie upon dreames, and fond delights, which thus
disturbs the mind!
'Tis better far to bee awak'd, and exercise by
kind.
When as I dream'd, I had a love, and gold,
and pleasure store;
But when I wak'd, I saw none such, which
makes me grieve the more.

THE MAID OF TOTTENHAM

[1666]

[From *Choyce Drollery* (1886), p. 45. Another version with music in DURFEY'S *Pills* etc. (1719), iv. 179].

As I went to *Totnam*
Upon a Market-day,
There met I with a faire maid
Cloathed all in gray,
Her journey was to *London*
With Buttermilk and Whay,
To fall down, down, derry down,
down, down, derry down,
derry, derry dina.

God speed faire maid quoth one,
You are well over-took;
With that she cast her head aside,
And gave to him a look.
She was as full of Leachery
As letters in a book.
To fall down, down, derry down,
down, down, derry down,
derry, derry dina.

And as they walk'd together,
Even side by side,
The young man was aware
That her garter was unty'd,
For feare that she should lose it,
Aha, alack he cry'd,
Oh your garter that hangs down!
To fall down, down, derry down,
down, down, derry down,
derry, derry dina.

Quoth she [,] I do intreat you
For to take the pain
To do so much for me,
As to tye it up again.
That will I do sweet heart, quoth he,
When I come on yonder plain.
With a down, down, derry down,
down, down, derry down,
derry, derry dina.

And when they came upon the plain
Upon a pleasant green,
The fair maid spread her legs abroad.
The young man fell between,
Such tying of a Garter
I think was never seen.
To fall down, down, derry down,

down, down, derry down,
derry, derry dina.

When they had done their businesse,
And quickly done the deed,
He gave her kisses plenty,
And took her up with speed.
And what they did I know not,
But they were both agreed.
To fall down together, down
down, down, derry down,
down, down, derry dina.

She made to him low curtsies
And thankt him for his paine,
The young man is to High-gate gone[,]
The maid to *London* came
To sell off her commodity
She thought it for no shame.
To fall down together, down
down, down, derry down,
down, down, derry dina.

When she had done her market,
And all her money told
To think upon the matter
It made her heart full cold[:]
But that which will away, quoth she,
Is very hard to hold.

To fall down together, down
down, down, derry down,
down, down, derry dina.

This tying of the Garter
Cost her her Maidenhead,
Quoth she it is no matter,
It stood me in small stead,
But often times it troubled me
As I lay in my bed.
To fall down together, down
down, down, derry down,
down, down, derry dina.

"A STORY STRANGE I WILL YOU TELL"

[1656]

[From *Choyce Drollery* (ELSWORTH), p. 31; see CHAPPELL'S *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (1855-59), 235].

A Story strange I will you tell,
But not so strange as true,
Of a woman that danc'd upon the ropes,
And so did her husband too.
With a dildo, dildo, dildo,
With a dildo, dildo, dee,
Some say 'twas a man, but it was a woman
As plain report may see.

She first clim'd up the Ladder
For to deceive men's hopes
And with a long thing in her hand
She tickled it on the ropes,
With a dildo, dildo, dildo,
With a dildo, dildo, dee,
And to her came Knights and Gentlemen
Of low and high degree.

She jerk'd them backward and foreward
With a long thing in her hand,
And all the people that were in the Yard
She made them for to stand,
With a dildo, dildo, dildo,
With a dildo, dildo, dee,
And to her came Knights and Gentlemen
Of low and high degree.

They cast up fleering eyes
All underneath her cloaths,
But they could see no thing,
For she wore linnen hose.
With a dildo, dildo, dildo,
With a dildo, dildo, dee,
And to her came Knights and Gentlemen
Of low and high degree.

The Cuckold her husband caper'd
When his head in the sack was in,
But grant that we may never fall
When we dance in the sack of Sin.
With a dildo, dildo, dildo,
With a dildo, dildo, dee,
And to her came Knights and Gentlemen
Of low and high degree.

But as they ever danc't
In faire or rainy weather,

I wish they may be hangd i' the rope of Love
And so be cut down together.
With a dildo, dildo, dildo,
With a dildo, dildo, dee,
And to her came Knights and Gentlemen
Of low and high degree.

SHE LAY ALL NAKED IN HER BED

[1657]

[*Wit and Drollery*, 1656, p. 54; *Merry Drollery*, 1661, ii. 115. *See* "She lay up to the navel bare," *post*, p. 131].

She lay all naked in her bed,
  And I myself lay by;
No Vail but Curtains about her spread,
  No covering but I:
Her head upon her shoulders seeks
  To hang in careless wise,
All full of blushes was her cheeks,
  And of wishes were her eyes.

Her blood still fresh into her face,
  As on a message came,
To say that in another place
  It meant another game;
Her cherry Lip moyst, plump, and faire,
  Milllions of Kisses crown,
Which ripe and uncropt dangled there,
  And weigh the branches down.

Her Breasts, that swell'd so plump and high,
  Bred pleasant pain in me,

For all the world I do defie
  The like felicity;
Her thighs and belly, soft and faire,
  To me were only shewn:
To have seen such meat, and not to have eat,
  Would have angred any stone.

Her knees lay upward gently bent,
  And all lay hollow under,
As if on easie terms they ment
  To fall unforc'd asunder;
Just so the *Crypian* Queen did lye,
  Expecting in her bower;
When too long stay, had kept the boy
  Beyond his promis'd hour.

Dull clown, quoth she, why dost delay
  Such proffered bless to take?
Canst thou find out no other way
  Similitudes to make?
Mad with delight I thundering
  Threw my Arms about her,
But pox upon 't 'twas but a dream,
  And so I lay without her.

THE FOUR-LEGG'D ELDER: OR A HORRIBLE RELATION OF A DOG AND AN ELDER'S MAID

[*b.* 1657]

[By SIR JOHN BIRKENHEAD; *Bagford Ballads*, iii. 57: "To the Tune of *The Lady's Fall*, or *Gather your Rozebuds;* and Fourty other Tunes"; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), v. i.]

All Christians and Lay-Elders too,
For Shame amend your Lives;
I'll tell you of a Dog-trick now,
Which much concerns you Wives:
An Elder's Maid near Temple-Bar,
(Ah! what a Quean was she?)
Did take an ugly Mastiff Cur,
Where Christians use to be.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly having sat Four Years,
Has now brought forth a Whelp.

One Evening late she stept aside,
Pretending to fetch Eggs;

And there she made her self a Bride,
To one that had four Legs:
Her master heard a Rumblement,
And wonder she did tarry;
Not dreaming (without his consent)
His Dog would ever Marry.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly having sat Four Years,
Has now brought forth a Whelp.

Her Master peep'd, but was afraid,
And hastily did run,
To fetch a Staff to help his Maid,
Not knowing what was done:
He took his Ruling Elders Cane,
And cry'd out help, help, here;
For Swash our Mastiff, and poor Jane,
Are now fight Dog, fight Bear.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly having sat Four Years,
Has now brought forth a Whelp.

But when he came he was full sorry,
For he perceiv'd their Strife;
That according to the Directory,
They Two were Dog and Wife:

Ah! (then said he) thou cruel Quean,
Why hast thou me beguil'd?
I wonder'd Swash was grown so lean,
Poor Dog! he's almost spoil'd.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly having sat Four Years,
Has now brought forth a Whelp.

I thought thou hadst no Carnal Sense,
But what's in our Lasses:
And could have quench'd thy 'Cupiscence,
According to the Classes:
But all the Parish sees it plain,
Since thou art in this pickle;
Thou art an Independent Quean,
And lov'st a Conventicle.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly having sat Four Years,
Has now brought forth a Whelp.

Alas! now each Malignant Rogue,
Will all the World perswade;
That she that's Spouse unto a Dog,
May be an Elder's Maid:
They'll jeer us if abroad we stir,
Good Master Elder stay;

Sir, of what Classis is your Cur?
And then what can we say?
Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly having sat Four Years,
Has now brought forth a Whelp.

They'll many graceless Ballads sing,
Of a Presbyterian;
That a Lay Elder is a thing
Made up half Dog, half Man:
Out, out, said he, (and smote her down)
Was Mankind grown so scant?
There's scarce another Dog i'th' Town,
Had took the Covenant.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly having sat Four Years,
Has now brought forth a Whelp.

Then Swash began to look full grim,
And Jane did thus reply;
Sir, you thought nought too good for him,
You fed your Dog too high:
'Tis true he took me in the lurch,
And leap'd into my Arm;
But (as I hope to go to Church)
I did your Dog no harm.

Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly having sat Four Years,
Has now brought forth a Whelp.

Then she was brought to Newgate Jail,
And there was naked stripp'd;
They whipp'd her till the Cords did fail,
As Dogs us'd to be whipp'd:
Poor City-Maids shed many a Tear,
When she was lash'd and bang'd;
And had she been a Cavalier,
Surely she had been hang'd.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly having sat Four Years,
Has now brought forth a Whelp.

Hers was but Fornication found,
For which she felt the lash:
But his was Bugg'ry presum'd,
Therefore they hanged Swash:
What will become of Bishops then,
Or Independency?
For now we find both Dogs and Men
Stand for Presbytry.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
Oh now or never help!

Th' Assembly having sat Four Years,
Has now brought forth a Whelp.

She might have took a Sow-gelder,
With Synod-men good store,
But she would have a Lay-Elder,
With Two Legs and Two more:
Go tell th' Assembly of Divines,
Tell Adoniram blue;
Tell Burgess, Marshall, Case and Vines,
Tell Now-and-Anon too.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly having sat Four Years,
Has now brought forth a Whelp.

Some say she was a Scottish Girl,
Or else (at least) a Witch;
But she was born in Colchester,
Was ever such a Bitch:
Take heed all Christian Virgins now,
The Dog-Star now prevails;
Ladies beware your Monkeys too,
For Monkeys have long Tails.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly having sat Four Years,
Has now brought forth a Whelp.

Bless King and Queen, and send us Peace,
As we had Seven Years since:
For we remember no Dog-days,
While we enjoy'd our Prince:
Bless sweet Prince Charles, Two Dukes, Three Girls,
Lord save his Majesty;
Grant that his Commons, Bishops, Earls,
May lead such lives as He.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly having sat Four Years,
Has now brought forth a Whelp.

THE DUB'D KNIGHT OF THE FORKED ORDER

The old wanton Lady, as I will recite,
And Sen John the Serving-Man, her hearts delight,
Their doings and actions, if you will attend,
In Master, they are by a Poet Pen'd:
The subtilty of women either old or young,
And what cunning excuses they have with their tongue;
That will play with their Husbands and laugh them to scorn,
Stroke up there brows and there place a horn.

[By ABRAHAM MILES; *Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 114-115; tune, *I am fallen away*].

Twas a Lady born, of high degree,
In her aged days was youthful, yet she,
So youthful was at three-score years old,
A young man she esteemed more precious than Gold:
So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score years and ten,
Old women are willing to play with young Men.

This Lady one day in her Parlor did walk,
Unto her head-serving-man she began to talk;
She told him his feature was comely and rare,
Few men that she lookt on might with him compare.
So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score years and ten,
Old women are willing to play with young Men.

A Lilly-white hand, fair face, and a nose,
Hair crisping and curled, his breath like a Rose,
Streight leg and a foot, and his body tall,
But that in the middle is the rarest of all.
So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score years and ten,
Old women are willing to play with young Men.

"Madam," he said, "as I am alive,
Unto an ancient Lady 'tis a present revive;
It will make them merry, either at night or by day,
And clear every Vain like the dew of May."
So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score years and ten,
Old women are willing to play with young Men.

"Then note what I say and obey my command,
For I'le make use of thee, now straight out of hand,"

The bargain was made unto their own Will,
The Serving-man had and the Lady her fill:
So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score
years and ten,
Old women are willing to play with young Men.

When the Jig was ended, the Lady threw down
Unto her good Serving-man seven-score pound;
She gave this Gold freely, his courage to maintain,
That he will but Ride in the Saddle again.
So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score
years and ten,
Old woman are willing to play with young Men.

Then the wanton Lady to her Knight she did hye,
And like to a meretrix she did reply,
That she was much alter'd, and she had caught
harm.
"Why then," quoth the Knight, "Lady, keep
thy self warm!"
So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score
years and ten,
Old women are willing to play with young Men.

"I'le send for a Doctor, thy grief for to find,
For to ease thy body and troubled mind."
"I will have no Doctor, my grief for to ease,
"But only one man, sweet-heart, if you please."

So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score
years and ten,
Old women are willing to play with young Men.

"Let me see this Artist," the Knight did reply.
"O!" quoth the Lady, "loe here he stands by;
That can give me cure with a Syrup, that he
Brought from the *Venetian*, and from *Italy*."
So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score
years and ten,
Old women are willing to play with young Men.

"How came you acquainted with your man's
rarity?"
"Sir, in a sad passion, being ready to dye,
I dream'd; that his judgement was right, I do
find;
And his physick was healthful, to old Women
kind."
So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score
years and ten,
Old women are willing to play with young Men.

"And if by the vertue thou pleasure do find,
I doubt then by *Venus* that I am made blind;
I dream'd I was hunting, and pleasure did see,
But a Vision mine eyes [in], much troubleth me.
So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score
years and ten,
Old women are willing to play with young Men.

"The Deer did run swiftly, and Hounds after rang'd,
And I, like *Acteon*, most strangely was chang'd.
I thought that my lower part seem'd like a Man,
My head like a Buck, and Horns like a Ram.
So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score years and ten,
Old women are willing to play with young Men.

"And riding on swiftly, sweet pleasure to find,
An Oke burst my horns, and his blood made me blind.
The Huntsman did hollow, and great shouts did make,
And forth of my dream I strait did awake.
So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score years and ten,
Old women are willing to play with young Men.

"I told my fair Lady of my dream so strange;
Quoth she, 'Tis the better, when thy Life doth change;
For the Forked Order the evil doth expel,
And being a dub'd Knight, thou needs't not fear Hell.'"
So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score years and ten,
Old women are willing to play with young Men.

From the Poor to the Rich, even to the Ladies Gay,
Young Women are wanton, old Women will play;
And mumble their Husbands, and jeer them to
scorn,
And point them a Beaker, and give them a Horn:
So old, so old, so wondrous old, till three score
years and ten,
Old women are willing to play with young Men.

THE WILLING LOVER

[1661]

[From *Wit & Drollery*, 1661. *See* "She lay all naked in her bed", page 116].

She lay up to the Navel bare,
And was a willing Lover;
Expecting between hope and fear,
When I would come and cover.
Her hand beneath my waistband slips,
To grope in busy wise;
Which caused a trembling in her lips
And shivering in her eyes.

The blood out of her face did go,
As it on service went,
To second what was gone before,
When all its strength was spent.
Her Cheeks and lips as Coral red,
Like roses were full blown:
Which fading straight, the leaves were spread,
And so the —— comes down.

Her breasts then both painting were [panting]
Such comfort wrought between us,

That all the world, I dare to swear,
Would envy to have seen us.
Her belly and its provender,
For me was kept in store;
Such news to hear and, not to have share,
Would have made a man a whore.

Her legs were girt about my waist,
My hands under her Crupper;
As who should say, "now break your fast,
And come again to supper."
Even as the God of War did knock,
As any other man will;
For haste of work at twelve o'clock,
Kept Vulcan at his Anvil.

"Mad wag," quoth she, "why dost thou make
Such haste thyself to rear?
Cans't thou not know that for thy sake
The Fair lasts all the year?"
Quiet and calm as are love's streams
I threw myself about her.
But a pox upon true jests and dreams—
I had better have lain without her.

A PURITAN

[1661]

[From *Merry Drollery*, fol. 2].

A Puritan of late,
And eke a holy Sister,
A Catechizing sate,
And fain he would have kist her
For his Mate.

But she a Babe of grace,
A Child of reformation
Thought kissing a disgrace,
A Limbe of prophanation
In that place.

He swore by yea and nay
He would have no denial,
The spirit would it so,
She should endure a tryal
Ere she go.

Why swear you so, quoth she?
Indeed, my holy Brother,
You might have forsworn be
Had it been to another[,]
Not to me.

He laid her on the ground,
His Spirits fell a ferking,
Her Zeal was in a sound,
He edified her Merkin
Upside down.

And when their leave they took,
And parted were asunder
My Muse did then awake,
And I turn'd Ballad-monger.
For their sake.

RIDING TO DUNSTABLE

[So in original]

[1661]

[From *Merry Drollery*, p. 14].

Riding to *London,* on *Dunstable* way
I met with a Maid on *Midsummer* day,
Her Eyes they did sparkle like Stars in the sky,
Her face it was fair, and her forehead was high:
The more I came to her, the more I did view her,
The better I lik'd her pretty sweet face,
I could not forbear her, but still I drew near her,
And then I began to tell her my case:

Whither walk'st thou, my pretty sweet soul?
She modestly answer'd to *Hockley-i'-th'-hole.*
I ask'd her her business; she had a red cheek,
She told me she went a poor service to seek;
I said, it was pitty she should leave the City,
And settle herself in a Country Town;
She said it was certain it was her hard fortune
To go up a maiden, and so to come down.

With that I alighted, and to her I stept,
I took her by th' hand, and this pretty maid wept;
Sweet[,] weep not, quoth I: I kist her soft lip;
I wrung her by th' hand, and my finger she nipt;

So long there I woo'd her, such reasons I shew'd
That she my speeches could not controul, [her,
But cursied finely, and got up behind me,
And back she rode with me to *Hockley i' th' hole.*

When I came to Hockley at the sign of the Cock,
By [a] lighting I chanced to see her white smock,
It lay so alluring upon her round knee,
I call'd for a Chamber immediately;
I hugg'd her, I tugg'd her, I kist her, I smugg'd her,
And gently I laid her down on a bed,
With nodding and pinking, with sighing & winking,
She told me a tale of her Maidenhead.

While she to me this story did tell,
I could not forbear, but on her I fell;
I tasted the pleasure of sweetest delight,
We took up our lodging, and lay there all night;
With soft arms she roul'd me, and oft times told me,
She loved me deerly, even as her own soul:
But on the next morrow we parted with sorrow,
And so I lay with her at *Hockley i' th' hole.*

MAIDEN'S DELIGHT

[1661]

[From *Merry Drollery*, p. 27].

A young man of late, that lackt a mate,
And courting came unto her,
With Cap, and Kiss, and sweet Mistris,
But little could he do her;
Quoth she, my friend, let kissing end,
Where with you do me smother,
And run at Ring with t'other thing;
A little o' th'one with t'other.

Too much of ought is good for nought,
Then leave this idle kissing;
Your barren suit will yield no fruit
If the other thing be missing:
As much as this a man may kiss
His sister or his mother;
He that will speed must give with need
A little o' th'one with t'other.

Who bids a Guest unto a feast,
To sit by divers dishes,
They please their mind untill they find
Change, please each creature wishes;

With beak and bill I have my fill,
With measure running over;
The Lovers dish I now do wish,
A little o' th' t'one with t'other.

To gull me thus, like *Tantalus,*
To make me pine with plenty,
With shadows store, and nothing more,
Your substance is so dainty;
A fruitless tree is like to thee,
Being but a kissing lover,
With leaves joyn fruit, or else be mute;
A little o' th' t'one with t'other.

Sharp joyn'd with flat, no mirth to that;
A low note and a higher,
Where Mean and Base keeps time and place,
Such musick maids desire:
All of one string doth loathing bring,
Change, is true Musicks Mother,
Then leave my face, and sound the base,
A little o' th' t'one with t'other.

The golden mine lies just between
The high way and the lower;
He that wants wit that way to hit
Alas [!] hath little power;
You'l miss the clout if that you shoot
Much higher, or much lower:

Shoot just between, your arrows keen,
A little o' th' t'one with t'other.

No smoake desire without a fire,
No wax without a Writing:
If right you deal give Deeds to Seal,
And straight fall to inditing;
Thus do I take these lines I make,
As to a faithful Lover,
In order he'll first write, then seal,
A little o' th' t'one with t'other.

Thus while she staid the young man plaid
Not high, but low defending;
Each stroak he strook so well she took,
She swore it was past mending;
Let swaggering boys that think by toyes
Their Lovers to fetch over,
Lip-labour save for the maids must have
A little o' th' t'one with t'other.

THERE WAS THREE BIRDS

[1661]

[From *Merry Drollery* (1661), p. 139].

There was three birds that built very low,
The first and the second cry'd, have at her toe,
The third went merrily in and in, in,
And the third went merrily in;
O never went Wimble in timber more nimble
With so little screwing and knocking on't in,
With so little knocking in.

There was three birds [that] built on a pin,
The first and second cry'd, have at her shin,
The third he went merrily in and in, in,
The third he went merrily in;
O never went Wimble in timber more nimble
With so little screwing and knocking on't in,
With so little knocking in.

There was three birds that built on a tree,
The first and the second cry'd, have at her knee,
And the third he went merrily in and in, in,
And the third he went merrily in;
O never went Wimble in Timber more nimble

With so little screwing and knocking on't in,
With so little knocking in.

There was three birds that built very high,
The first and the second cried, have at her thigh,
The third he went merrily in and in, in,
The third he went merrily in;
O never went Wimble in Timber more nimble
With so litlle screwing and knocking on't in,
With so little knocking in.

There was three birds that built on a stump,
The first and the second cry'd, have at her rump,
The third he went merrily in and in, in,
And the third he went merrily in;
O never went Wimble in Timber more nimble
With so little screwing, and knocking on't in,
With so little knocking in.

THE TINKER

[1661]

[From *Merry Drollery*, p. 134: *see* p. 41, *ante*].

There was a Lady in this Land,
That lov'd a Gentleman,
And could not have him secretly
As she would now and then,
Till she divis'd to dress him like
A Tinker in Vocation:
And thus, disguis'd, she bid him say,
He came to clout her Cauldron.

His face full fair she smother's black
That he might not be known,
A leather Jerkin on his back,
His breeches rent and torn;
With speed he passed to the place,
To knock he did not spare:
Who's that, quoth the lady['s Porter] then,
That raps so rashly there.

I am a Tinker, then quoth he,
That worketh for my Fee,
If you have Vessels for to mend,
Then bring them unto me:
For I have brass within my bag,
And target in my Apron,
And with my skill I can well clout,
And mend a broken Cauldron.

The Porter went into the house
Where Servants us'd to dine,
Telling his Lady, at the Gate
There staid a Tinker fine:
Quoth he, much Brass he wears about
And Target in his Apron,
Saying, that he hath perfect skill
To mend your broken Cauldron.

Quoth she, of him we have great need,
Go Porter, let him in,
If he be cunning in his Craft
He shall much money win:
But wisely wist she who he was,
Though nothing she did say,
For in that sort she pointed him
To come that very day.

When he before the Lady came,
Disguised stood he there,

He blinked blithly, and did say,
God save you Mistris fair;
Thou'rt welcome, Tinker, unto me,
Thou seem'st a man of skill,
All broken Vessels for to mend,
Thóugh they be ne'er so ill;
I am the best men of my Trade,
Quoth he, in all this Town
For any Kettle, Pot, or Pan,
Or clouting of a Cauldron.

Quoth she, our Cauldron hath most need
At it we will begin,
For it will hold you half an hour
To trim it out and in:
But give me first a glass of drink,
The best that we do use,
For why[,] it is a Tinkers guise
No good drink to refuse.

Then to the Brew-house hyed they fast
This broken piece to mend,
He said he would no company,
His Craft should not be kend,
But only to your self, he said,
That must pay me my Fee:
I am no common Tinker,
But work most curiously.

And I also have made a Vow
I'll keep it if I may,
There shall no mankind see my work,
That I may stop or stay:
Then barred he the Brew-house door,
The place was very dark,
He cast his Budget from his back,
And frankly fell to work.

And whilst he play'd and made her sport
Their craft the more to hide,
She with his hammer stroke full hard
Against the Cauldron side:
Which made them all to think and say,
The Tinker wrought apace,
And so be sure he did indeed,
But in another place.

Quoth he, fair Lady, unto her,
My business I have ended,
Go quickly now and tell your Lord
The Cauldron I have mended:
As for the price that I refer
Whatsoever he do say,
Then come again with diligence,
I would I were away.

The Lady went unto her Lord
Where he walkt up and down,

Sir, I have with the Tinker been,
The best in all the Town:
His work he doth exceeding well,
Though he be wondrous dear,
He asks no less than half a mark
For that he hath done here.

Quoth he, that Target is full dear,
I swear by God's good Mother:
Quoth she, my Lord, I do protest,
'Tis worth five hundred other;
He strook it in the special place,
Where greatest need was found,
Spending his brass and target both,
To make it safe and sound.

Before all Tinkers in the Land,
That travels up and down,
Ere they should earn a Groat of mine,
This man should earn a crown:
Or were you of his Craft so good,
And none but I it kend,
Then would it save me many a Mark,
Which I am fain to spend.

The Lady to her Coffer went,
And took a hundred Mark,
And gave the Tinker for his pains,
That did so well his work;

Tinker, said she, take here thy fee,
Sith here you'll not remain,
But I must have my Cauldron now
Once scoured o'er again.

Then to the former work they went
No man could them deny;
The Lady said, good Tinker call
The next time thou com'st by;
For why [,] thou dost thy work so well,
And with so good invention,
If still thou hold thy hand alike,
Take here a yearly Pension.

And ev'ry quarter of the year
Our Cauldron thou shalt view;
Nay, by my faith, her Lord gan say,
I'd rather buy a new;
Then did the Tinker take his leave
Both of the Lord and Lady,
And said, such work as I can do,
To you I will be ready.
From all such Tinkers of the trade
God keep my Wife, I pray,
That comes to clout her Cauldron so,
I'll swinge him if I may.

THE BATHING GIRLES

[1672]

[From *Westminster Drollery*, Part 2, p. 100. *Cf.* "The Devonshire Damsels' Frollick," p. 163. "To the common Galliard Tune"].

It was in *June*, and 'twas on *Barnaby* Bright too,
A time when the days are long, and nights are short,
A crew of merry Girles, and that in the night too,
Resolv'd to wash in a river, and there to sport;
And there (poore things) they then resolv'd to be merry too,
And with them did bring good store of junketting stuffe,
As Bisket, and Cakes, and Suger, and Syder, and Perry too,
Of each such a quantity, that was more than enough.

But mark what chanc't unto this innocent crew then,
Who thought themselves secure from any eare;
They knew 'twas dark, that none cou'd take a view then,
And all did seem to be voyd of any feare;

Then every one uncas'd themselves, both smock & all
And each expected first who should begin;
And that they might stay but an houre, they told
the Clock and all:
Then all in a Te-he-ing raine did enter in.

But now comes out the Tale I meant to tell ye,
For a Crew of Jovial Lads were there before,
And finding there some viands for their belly,
They eas'd em then poor hearts of all their store;
Then every Lad sate down upon the Grasse there,
And whisper'd thanks to th' Girls for their good
Cheare,
In which they drank a health to every Lass there,
That then were washing & rinsing without any
fear.

And when they had pleas'd (and fill'd) their
bellies and pallats too,
They back did come unto the foresaid place,
And took away their Smocks, and both their
Wallets too,
Which brought their good Bubb, and left them in
pittiful case,
For presently they all came out to th' larder there
That it put 'em unto their shifts their Smocks to
find;
I think, says one, my shift is a little farder there,
I, I, sayes another, for yours did lye by mine.

At last, says one, the Divel a smock is here at all,
The Devil, a bit of bread, or drop of drink,
They've took every morsel of our good cheare and all
And nothing but Gowns and Petticoats left, as I think,
At last, says one, if they'd give us our Smocks agen,
And likewise part of what we hither brought,
We shall be much oblieg'd, and think 'em Gentlemen,
And by this foolish example be better taught.

Although in the River they were as merry as crickets there,
'Twixt laughing and fretting their state they did condole;
And then came one of the Lads from out of the thickets there,
And told 'em hee'd bring 'em their smocks, and what was stole;
They only with Petticoats on, like Jipsies were clad then,
He brought 'em their Smocks, and what he had promis'd before;
They fell to eat, and drink as if they'd been mad there,
And glad they were all, they'd got so much of their store.

And when they all had made a good repast there,
They put on their cloths, and all resolv'd to be gone;
Then out comes all the ladds in very great hast there,
And every one to the other then was known;
The girles did then conjure the ladds that were there,
To what had passt their lipps shou'd still be seal'd,
Nay more than that they made 'em all to swear there,
To which they did, that nothing should be reveal'd.

Then each at other did make a pass at kissing then,
And round it went to every one level coile,
But thinking that at home they might be missing then,
And fear'd that they had stay'd too great a while;
Then hand in hand they alltogether marcht away,
And every lad convey'd his Mistris home,
Agen they kist, then every Lass her man did pray,
That what had past, no more of that but *Mum*.

THE CUMBERLAND LASS

[*c.* 1674-80]

[Music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), i v. 133]

There was a Lass in *Cumberland*,
A bonny Lass of high Degree:
There was a Lass, her Name was *Nell*,
The blithest Lass that e'er you see:
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me:
Blith and bonny may she be,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

Her Father lov'd her passing well,
So did her Brother fancy *Nell:*
But all their Loves came short of mine,
As far as *Tweed* is from the *Tyne*,
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me:
Blith and bonny may she be,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

She had five Dollars in a Chest,
Four of them she gave to me;
She cut her Mother's Winding-Sheet,
And all to make a Sark for me,

Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me:
Blith and bonny may she be,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

She pluck'd a Box out of her Purse,
Of four Gold Rings she gave me three;
She thought herself no whit the worse,
She was so very kind to me,
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me:
Blith and bonny may she be,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

If I were Lord of all the North,
To Bed and Board she should be free,
For why, she is the bonniest Lass,
That is in all her own Country,
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me:
Blith and bonny may she be,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

Her Cherry-Cheeks and Ruby Lips,
Doth with the Damask Rose agree,
With other Parts which I'll not Name,
Which are so pleasing unto me:
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me:

Blith and bonny may she be,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

For I have rid both East and West,
And been in many a strange Country,
Yet never met with so kind a Lass,
Compared with *Cumberland Nelly*.
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me;
Blith and bonny may she be,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

When I embrace her in my Arms,
She takes it kind and courteously,
And hath such pretty winning Charms,
The like whereof you ne'er did see:
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me;
Blith and bonny may she be,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

There's not a Lass in *Cumberland*
To be compar'd to smiling *Nell,*
She hath so soft and white a Hand,
And something more that I'll not tell,
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me:
Blith and bonny may she be,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

Up to my Chamber I her got,
  There I did treat her courteously,
I told her, I thought it was her Lot
  To stay all Night and Lig with me,
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
  The Lass that comes to Bed to me:
Blith and bonny may she be,
  The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

She, pretty Rogue, could not say nay,
  But by consent we did agree,
That she for a fancy, there should stay,
  And come at night to Bed to me:
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
  The Lass that comes to Bed to me:
Blith and bonny may she be,
  The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

She made the Bed both broad and wide,
  And with her Hand she smooth'd it down;
She kiss'd me thrice, and smiling said,
  My Love, I fear thou wilt sleep too soon:
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
  The Lass that comes to Bed to me:
Blith and bonny may she be,
  The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

Into my Bed I hasted strait,
  And presently she follow'd me,

It was in vain to make her wait,
For a Bargain must a Bargain be,
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me;
Blith and bonny may she be,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

Then I embrac'd this lovely Lass,
And strok'd her Wem so bonnily,
But for the rest we'll let it pass,
For she afterward sung Lulaby;
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that came to Bed to me,
Blith and Bonny sure was she,
The Lass that came to Bed to me.

"METHINKS THE POOR TOWN HAS BEEN TROUBLED TOO LONG"

[*c.* 1676]

[By the EARL OF DORSET; music in PLAYFORDS *Choyce Ayres* (1676), also in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), iii. 173].

Methinks the poor Town has been troubled too long,
With Phillis and Chloris in every Song;
By Fools who at once, can both Love and Dispair,
And will never leave calling them Cruel and Fair:
VVhich justly provokes me in Rhime to express,
The truth that I know of my Bonny black Bess.

This Bess of my Heart, this Bess of my Soul,
Has a Skin white as Milk, but Hair black as a Coal;
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her VVaste,
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd:
Her Belly is soft, not a word of the rest,
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the Best.

The Plow-man, and Squire, the Erranter Clown,
At home she subdu'd in her Paragon Gown,

But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to submit:
All Hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
And beat Day and Night, like my Lord ——s Drums;
But to those who have had my dear Bess in their Arms,
She's gentle and knows how to soften her Charms
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
Having learn'd how to Lisp, and trip in her pace:
And with Head on one side, and a languishing Eye,
To Kill us with looking, as if she would Dye.

"HER DAINTY PALM I GENTLY PREST"

[1685]

[From *The Marrow of Complements*].

Her dainty palm I gently prest
And with her lips I play'd;
My cheek upon her panting breast
And on her neck I laid:
And yet we had no sense of wanton lust,
Nor did we then mistrust.

With pleasant toil we breathless grew,
And kiss'd in warmer blood;
Upon her lips the honey-dew
Like drops on roses stood:
And on those flowers play'd I the busy bee,
Whose sweets were such to me.

But kissing and embracing we
So long together lay,
Her touches all inflamed me
And I began to stray;
My hands presumed too far, they were too bold,
My tongue unwisely told.

DEBAUCHERY SCARED:

OR

THE BEGGAR-WENCH TURN'D INTO A DEVIL: TOGETHER WITH THE POLLICY OF BUMPKIN;

GIVING A PLEASANT ACCOUNT OF COMMICAL PASSAGES BETWEEN A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN AND A *London* BEGGAR-WENCH

[1685-88]

[*Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 101; tune, *Ladies of London*].

A Country Gentleman came up to town,
to taste the delights of the City,
Who had to his Servant a jocular Clown,
accounted to be very witty:
His master one night got drunk as a Rat,
and swore he would turn him away, Sir,
'Lest he would get him a bit for his Cat,
and into his Chamber convey her.

Some jolly Dame he was willing to have,
and gave to his Bumkin a Guiney,

Who had the wit not to give it, but save
the far better part of the money;
To find out a Punck, he walkt in the street,
and backwards and forwards kept trudging;
At last a young beggar-wench he did meet,
who was in great want of a Lodging.

"Sweet-heart" (said he), "if thou'lt give thy consent
to go home and lye with my master,
I'le give thee half a Crown for thy content,
and save thee from any disaster."
It being late, she fearing the watch,
besides it was very cold weather,
So that they quickly both made up the match,
and trug'd to his master together.

Bumpkin was arch, as he homeward did come,
he gave her a bout by the way, sir;
Then to his master he carried her home,
who in a dark chamber lay, sir:
He bid her be sure let his master not know,
by any means, she was a mumper;
But bid her to rise before daylight, and go,
or Ad-swounds! he would heartily thump her.

Bumpkin his Trull to the chamber he led,
and then to the Bed took his way, sir;
She quickly undrest, and gropt into the Bed,
and close to the Gentleman lay, sir;

Eager of Joy, he gave her a kiss,
and hug'd her with flaming desire;
The Gentleman swore that she smelt so of Cheese,
he could not indure to lye by her.

He bid her get up to a place in the room,
where a Bottle stood of Rose-water,
And wash her Face to take away the fume
then come into Bed again after;
A bottle of Ink there happen'd to stand,
and for the Rose-water she took it,
Pouring a spoonful out into her hand,
and over her face she did stroak it.

Then to their joys they eagerly fell,
till at last it began to be Light, sir;
Then, looking, he thought her the Devil of Hell,
and ran out of Bed in a fright, sir:
Crying, "The Devil, the Devil was there;"
she, being affrighted, ran after,
In a tatter'd old smock, crying, "where is he,
where?"
which put all the street in a laughter.

THE DEVONSHIRE DAMSELS' FROLLICK

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF NINE OR TEN FAIR MAIDENS, WHO WENT ONE EVENING LATELY, TO WASH THEMSELVES IN A PLEASANT RIVER, WHERE THEY WERE DISCOVERED BY SEVERAL YOUNG MEN BEING THEIR FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCES, WHO TOOK AWAY THEIR GOWNS AND PETTICOATS, WITH THEIR SMOCKS AND WINE AND GOOD CHEAR; LEAVING THEM A WHILE IN A MOST MELANCHOLLY CONDITION.

[1685-88]

[From *Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 136, 137, with music; *cf.* "The Bathing Girles", p. 148 *ante*].

Tom and William with Ned and Ben,
In all they were about nine or ten;
Near a trickling River endeavour to see
a most delicate sight for men;
Nine young maidens they knew it full well,
Sarah, Susan, with bonny Nell,
and all those others whose names are not here,
intended to wash in a River clear.

Simon gave out the report
the rest resolving to see the sport[,]
The Young [men] freely repairing declaring
that this is the humours of Venus Court[,]
In a Bower those Gallants remaine
seeing the maidens trip o're the plain[:]
They thought no Body did know their intent
as merrily over the Fields they went.

Nell a Bottle of Wine did bring
with many a delicate dainty thing[,]
Their Fainting Spirits to nourish and cherish
when they had been dabling in the Spring[:]
They supposing no Creature did know
to the River they merrily goe,
When they came thither and seeing none near
then under the bushes they hid their chear.

Then they stripping of all their cloaths
their Gowns their Petticoats Shoes and Hose[,]
Their fine white smickits then stripping and
skipping[,]
no Body seeing them they suppose[,]
Sarah enter'd the River so clear
and bid them follow they need not fear[,]
For why the Water is warm they replyed[,]
then into the River they sweetly glide.

Finely bathing themselves they lay
like pretty Fishes they sport and play[,]

Then let's be merry [,] said Nancy I fancy,
its seldom that anyone walks this way [.]
Thus those Females were all in a Quill
and following on their Pastime still [,]
All naked in a most dainty trim
those Maidens like beautiful Swans did swim.

Whilst they followed on their Game [,]
out came sweet William and Tom by name,
They took all their Clothing and left nothing [:]
Maids was they not Villains and much to blame [?]
Likewise taking their Bottle of Wine [,]
with all their delicate Dainties fine [:]
Thus they were rifled of all their store,
was ever poor Maidens so serv'd before.

From the River those Maidens fair
Return'd with sorrow and deep despair [;]
When they seeing, brooding [,] concluding
that somebody certainly had been there [,]
With all their Treasure away they run [,]
Alas [!] said Nelle [,] we are undone,
Those Villains I wish they were in the Stocks,
that took our Petticoats Gowns and Smocks.

Then Sweet Sarah with modest Prue
they all was in a most fearful Hue [,]

Every Maiden replying and crying
they did not know what in the world to do[.]
But what laughing was there with the men
in bringing their Gowns and Smocks again[,]
The Maidens were modest & mighty mute[,]
and gave them fine curtsies and thanks to boot:

THE OLD FUMBLER

[*b.* 1695]

[A Broadside Song with music, set by HENRY PURCELL].

Smug, rich and fantastick old Fumbler was known,
That Wedded a Juicy brisk Girl of the Town;
Her Face like an Angel, Fair, Plump, and a Maid,
Her Lute well in Tune too, cou'd he but have plaid:
But lost was his Skill, let him do what he can,
She finds him in Bed a weak silly old Man;
He coughs in her Ear, 'tis in vain to come on,
Forgive me, my Dear, I'm a silly old Man.

She laid his dry Hand on her snowy soft Breast,
And from those white Hills gave a glimpse of the Best;
But ah! what is Age when our Youth's but a Span,
She found him an Infant instead of a Man,
Ah! Pardon, he'd cry, that I'm weary so soon,
You have let down my Base, I'm no longer in Tune;
Lay by the dear Instrument, prithee lie still,
I can play but one Lesson, and that I play Ill.

"BENEATH A COOL SHADE"

[1697]

[By Mrs. BEHN in *Wks.*].

Beneath a cool shade, where some here have been,
Convenient for Lovers, most pleasant and green,
Alexis and Cloris lay pressing soft Flowers,
With Kissing and Loving they past the dull hours.
She close in his Arms with her head on his brest,
And fainting with pleasure; you guess at the rest:
She blusht and she sigh'd with a Joy beyond measure,
All ravisht with Billing and dying with Pleasure.

But while thus in Transports extended they lay,
A Hansom young Shepherd was passing that way'.
She saw him and cry'd... oh Alexis, betray'd!
Oh what have you done... you have ruin'd a Maid;
But the Shepherd being modest discreetly past by,
And left 'em again at their leisure to dy.
And often they Languish'd with Joy beyond measure,
All Ravisht with Billing and dying with Pleasure.

"'TWAS WITHIN A FURLONG OF EDINBOROUGH TOWN"

[1697]

[Words by T. DURFEY in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), i. 327; with music by HENRY PURCELL].

'Twas within a Furlong of *Edinborough* Town,
In the Rosie time of year when the Grass was down;
Bonny *Jockey* Blith and Gay,
Said to *Jenny* making Hay,
Let's sit a little (Dear) and prattle,
'Tis a sultry Day:
He long had Courted the Black-Brow'd Maid,
But *Jockey* was a Wag and would ne'er consent to Wed;
Which made her pish and phoo, and cry out, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, monnot Buckle too.

He told her Marriage was grown a meer Joke,
And that no one Wedded now, but the Scoundrel Folk;
Yet my dear, thou shouldest prevail,
But I know not what I ail,

I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Dogs,
With Bottles at their Tail;
But I'll give thee Gloves, and a Bongrace to wear,
And a pretty Filly-Foal, to ride out and take the Air;
If thou ne'er will pish nor phoo, and cry, it ne'er shall do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, monnot Buckle too.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she, I believe,
But ah! what in return must your poor *Jenny* give,
When my Maiden Treasure's gone,
I must gang to *London* Town,
And Roar, and Rant, and Patch and Paint,
And Kiss for half a Crown:
Each Drunken Bully oblige for Pay,
And earn an hated Living in an odious Fulsom way;
No, no, it ne'er shall do, for a Wife I'll be to you,
Or I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, monnot Buckle too.

TOM TINKER

[*c.* 1698]

[*See* Notes; words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), vi. 265].

Tom Tinker's my true love, and I am his Dear,
And I will go with him his Budget to bear;
For of all the young Men he has the best luck,
All the Day he will Fuddle, at Night he will——
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

With Hammer on Kettle he tabbers all Day,
At Night he will tumble on Strumil or Hay; [strumil = straw]
He calls me his Jewel, his delicate Duck,
And then he will take up my Smicket to——
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

Tom Tinker I say was a Jolly stout Lad,
He tickled young *Nancy* and made her stark mad;
To have a new Rubbers with him on the Grass,
By reason she knew that he had a good——
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

There was an old Woman on Crutches she came,
To lusty *Tom Tinker*, *Tom Tinker* by Name;
And tho' she was Aged near threescore and five,
She kickt up her Heels and resolved to——
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

A beautiful Damsel came out of the West,
And she was as Jolly and brisk as the best;
She'd Dance and she'd caper as wild as a Buck,
And told *Tom* the *Tinker*, she would have some——
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

A Lady she call'd him her Kettle to mend,
And she resolved her self to attend;
Now as he stood stooping and mending the Brass,
His Breeches was torn and down hung his——
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

Something she saw that pleased her well,
She call'd in the *Tinker* and gave him a spell;
With Pig, Goose and Capon, and good store of suck,
That he might be willing to give her some——
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

He had such a Trade that he turn'd me away,
Yet as I was going he caus'd me to stay;

So as towards him I was going to pass,
He gave me a slap in the Face with his——
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

I thought in my Heart he had struck off my Nose,
I gave him as good as he brought I suppose;,
My Words they were ready and wonderful blunt,
Quoth I, I had rather been stobb'd in my——
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

I met with a Butcher a killing a Calf,
I then stepp'd to him and cryed out half:
At his first denial I fell very sick,
And he said it was all for a touch of his——
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

I met with a Fencer a going to School,
I told him at Fencing he was but a Fool;
He had but three Rapiers and they were all blunt,
And told him he should no more play at my——
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

I met with a Barber with Razor and Balls,
He fligger'd and told me for all my brave alls;
He would have a stroke, and his words they were blunt,
I could not deny him the use of my——

This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

I met with a Fidler a Fidling aloud,
He told me he had lost the Case of his Croud;
I being good natur'd as I was wont,
Told him he should make a Case of my——
This way, and that way, and which way you can,
For the Fairest of Women will lye with a Man.

"A LUSTY YOUNG SMITH AT HIS VICE STOOD A FILING"

[1705]

[A Broadside Song with music, set by RICHARD LEVERIDGE; also words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 198].

A Lusty young Smith at his Vice stood a Filing,
Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out, in and out ho;
When to him a Buxom young Damsel came smiling,
And ask'd if to Work at her Forge he wou'd go;
With a rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out, in and out ho:
A match quoth the Smith, so away they went thither,
Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out, in and out ho:
They strip'd to go to't, 'twas hot Work and hot Weather,
She kindl'd a Fire, and soon made him blow;
With a rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out, in and out ho.

Her Husband she said could scarce raise up his Hammer,
His strength and his Tools were worn out long ago;

If she got her Journey-men, could any blame her,
Look here quoth our Workman, my Tools are not so:
With a rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out,
in and out ho.

Red-hot grew his Iron as both did desire,
And he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so;
Quoth she, what I get, I get out of the Fire,
Then prithee strike home and redouble the blow:
With a rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out,
in and out ho.

Six times did his Iron by vigorous heating,
Grow soft in the Forge in a Minute or so;
As often 'twas harden'd, still beating and beating,
But the more it was soften'd it harden'd more slow:
With a rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out,
in and out ho:

The Smith then wou'd go, quoth the Dame full
of sorrow,
Oh what wou'd I give, cou'd my Cuckold do so!
Good Lad with your Hammer come hither to Morrow,
But pray can't you use it once more e'er you go:
With a rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out,
in and out ho.

"AS OYSTER NAN STOOD BY HER TUB"

[*c.* 1705]

[A Broadside Song with music; also in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), v. 107].

As Oyster *Nan* stood by her Tub,
To shew her vicious Inclination;
She gave her noblest Parts a Scrub,
And sigh'd for want of Copulation:
A Vintner of no little Fame,
Who excellent Red and White can sell ye,
Beheld the little dirty Dame,
As she stood scratching of her Belly.

Come in, says he, you silly Slut,
'Tis now a rare convenient Minute;
I'll lay the Itching of your Scut,
Except some greedy Devil be in it:
With that the Flat-capt Fusby smil'd,
And would have blush'd, but that she cou'd not;
Alass! says she, we're soon beguil'd,
By Men to do those things we shou'd not.

From Door they went behind the Bar,
As it's by common Fame reported;

And there upon a Turkey Chair,
  Unseen the loving Couple sported:
But being call'd by Company,
  As he was taking pains to please her;
I'm coming, coming Sir, says he,
  My Dear, and so am I, says she, Sir.

Her Mole-hill Belly swell'd about,
  Into a Mountain quickly after;
And when the pretty Mouse crept out,
  The Creature caus'd a mighty Laughter:
And now she has learnt the pleasing Game,
  Altho' much Pain and Shame it cost her;
She daily ventures at the same,
  And shuts and opens like an Oyster.

"I WENT TO THE ALEHOUSE"

[1707]

[A Broadside Song; also with music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 118].

I Went to the Alehouse as an honest Woman shou'd,
And a Knave follow'd after, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every Degree,
I'll tell you by and by how this Knave serv'd me.

I call'd for my Pot as an honest Woman shou'd,
And the Knave drank't up, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every Degree,
I'll tell you by and by how this Knave serv'd me.

I went into my Bed, as an honest Woman shou'd,
And the Knave crept into't, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every Degree.
I'll tell you by and by how this Knave serv'd me.

I proved with Child as an honest Woman shou'd,
And the Knave ran away, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every Degree,
And thus I have told you how this Knave serv'd me.

"AS I SAT AT MY SPINNING-WHEEL"

[1707]

[Words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), iii. 88].

As I sat at my Spinning-Wheel,
A bonny Lad there passed by,
I kenn'd him round, and I lik'd him weel,
Geud Feth he had a bonny Eye:
My Heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Most gracefully he did appear,
As he my Presence did draw near,
And round about my slender Waste
He clasp'd his Arms, and me embrac'd:
To kiss my Hand he down did kneel,
As I sat at my Spinning-Wheel.

My Milk white Hand he did extol,
And prais'd my Fingers long and small,
And said, there was no Lady fair,
That ever could with me compare:
Those pleasing Words my Heart did feel,
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
Yet he would never be deny'd,
But did declare his Love the more,
Until my Heart was Wounded sore;
  That I my Love cou'd scarce conceal,
  But yet I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

As for my Yarn, my Rock and Reel,
And after that my Spinning-Wheel,
He bid me leave them all with Speed
And gang with him to yonder Mead:
  My panting Heart strange Flames did feel,
  Yet still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

He stopp'd and gaz'd, and blithly said,
Now speed the Wheel, my bonny Maid,
But if thou'st to the Hay-Cock go,
I'll learn thee better Work I trow,
  Geud Feth, I lik'd him passing weel,
  But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

He lowly veil'd his Bonnet oft,
And sweetly kist my Lips so soft;
Yet still between each Honey Kiss,
He urg'd me on to farther Bliss:
  'Till I resistless Fire did feel,
  Then let alone my Spinning-Wheel.

Among the pleasant Cocks of Hay,
Then with my bonny Lad I lay,

What Damsel ever could deny,
A Youth with such a Charming Eye?
The pleasure I cannot reveal,
It far surpast the Spinning-Wheel.

THE SURPRIZ'D NYMPH

[1707]

[Words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 102].

The four and twentieth day of May,
Of all days in the year;
A Virgin Lady fresh and gay,
Did privately appear:
Hard by a River side got she,
And did sing loud the rather;
Cause she was sure, she was secure,
And had intent to bathe her.

With glittering, glancing, jealous Eyes,
She slily looks about;
To see if any lurking Spies
Were hid to find her out:
And being well resolv'd that none,
Could see her Nakedness,
She pull'd her Robes off one by one,
And did her self undress.

Her purple Mantle fring'd with Gold,
Her Ivory Hands unpinn'd;
It wou'd have made a Coward bold,
Or tempted a Saint to a sinn'd:

She turn'd about and look'd around,
Quoth she, I hope I'm safe;
Then her rosie Petticoat,
She presently put off.

The snow white Smock which she had on,
Transparently to deck her,
Look'd like Cambrick or Lawn,
Upon an Alablaster Picture:
Thro' which Array I did faintly spy
Her Belly and her Back;
Her Limbs were straight, and all was white,
But that which should be Black.

Into a fluent Stream she leapt,
She lookt like *Venus* Glass;
The Fishes from all Quarters crept,
To see what Angel 'twas:
She did so like a Vision look,
Or Fancy in a Dream;
'Twas thought the Sun the Skies forsook,
And dropt into the Stream.

Each Fish did wish himself a Man,
About her all was drawn,
And at the Sight of her began
To spread abroad their Spawn:
She turn'd to swim upon her Back,
And so display'd her Banner;

If *Jove* had then in Heaven been,
He would have dropt upon her.

A Lad that long her Love had been,
And cou'd obtain no Grace,
For all her prying lay unseen,
Hid in a secret place:
Who had often been repuls'd,
When he did come to Wooe her;
Pull'd off his Cloaths, and furiously
Did run and leap into her.

She squeak'd, she cry'd, and down she div'd,
He brought her up again;
He brought o'er upon the Shore,
And then——and then——and then——
As *Adam* did Old *Eve* enjoy,
You may guess what I mean;
Because she all uncover'd lay,
He cover'd her again.

With water'd Eyes she pants and crys,
I'm utterly undone;
If you will not be wed to me,
E'er the next Morning Sun:
He answer'd her he ne'er would stir,
Out of her Sight till then;
We'll both clap Hands in Wedlock Bands,
Marry, and to't again.

"OH MOTHER, ROGER WITH HIS KISSES"

[1707]

[Words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 214].

Oh Mother, *Roger* with his Kisses
Almost stops my Breath, I vow;
Why does he gripe my Hand to pieces,
And yet he says he loves me too?
Tell me, Mother, pray now do!
Pray now do, pray now do,
Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
Pray now, pray now, pray now do,
What Roger means when he does so?
For never stir I long to know.

Nay more, the naughty Man beside it,
Something in my Mouth he put;
I call'd him Beast, and try'd to Bite it,
But for my Life I cannot do't;
Tell me, Mother, pray now do!
Pray now do, pray now do,
Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
Pray now, pray now, pray now do,
What Roger means when he does so?
For never stir I long to know.

He sets me in his Lap whole Hours,
Where I feel I know not what;
Something I never felt in yours,
Pray tell me Mother what is that?
Tell me Mother what is that?
For never stir I long to know.

"AS I WENT O'ER YON MISTY MOOR"

[1707]

[Words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 326; set by AKEROYDE].

As I went o'er yon misty Moor,
'Twas on an Evening late, Sir,
There I met with a welfar'd Lass
VVas spanning of her Gate, Sir;
I took her by the lilly white Hand,
And by the Twat I caught her,
I swear and vow, and tell you true,
She piss'd in my Hand with Laughter.

The silly poor VVench she lay so still,
You'd swear she had been dead, Sir;
The deel a word but aw she said, but ay,
And bow'd her Head, Sir;
Kind Sir, quoth she, you'll kill me here,
But I'll forgive the Slaughter,
You make such Motions with your A——se,
You'll split my Sides with Laughter.

THE FRYER AND THE MAID

[*c.* 1707]

[A Broadside Song with music; *see* CHAPPELL's *Popular Music* etc. (1855-59), 274].

As I lay Musing all alone,
A merry Tale I thought upon;
Now listen a while and I will you tell,
Of a Fryer that lov'd a Bonny Lass well.

He came to her when she was going to Bed,
Desiring to have her Maiden-head;
But she denyed his desire,
And said that she did fear Hell-fire.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, thou need'st not doubt,
If thou wert in Hell, I could sing thee out;
Why then, quoth the Maid thou shalt have thy request,
The Fryer was as glad as a Fox in his Nest.

But one thing more I must request,
More than to sing me out of Hell-fire;
That is for doing of the thing,
An Angel of Money you must me bring.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, we two shall agree,
No Money shall part thee and me;
Before thy company I will lack,
I'll pawn the grey Gown off my Back.

The Maid bethought her on a Wile,
How she might this Fryer beguile;
When he was gone, the truth to tell,
She hung a Cloth before a Well.

The Fryer came as his bargain was,
With Money unto his bonny Lass;
Good morrow, Fair Maid, good morrow quoth she,
Here is the Money I promis'd thee.

She thank'd him, and she took the Money,
Now let's go to't my own dear Honey;
Nay, stay a while, some respite make,
If my Master should come he would us take.

Alas! quoth the Maid, my Master doth come;
Alas! quoth the Fryer where shall I run;
Behind yon Cloth run thou, quoth she,
For there my Master cannot see.

Behind the Cloth the Fryer went,
And was in the Well incontinent:
Alas! quoth he, I'm in the Well,
No matter quoth she if thou wert in Hell.

Thou saidst thou could sing me out of Hell,
I prithee sing thy self out of the Well;
Sing out, quoth she, with all thy might,
Or else thou'rt like to sing there all Night.

The Fryer sang out with a pitiful sound,
Oh! help me out or I shall be Drown'd;
She heard him make such pitiful moan,
She hope him out and bid him go home.

Quoth the Fryer, I never was serv'd so before,
Away, quoth the Wench, come here no more;
The Fryer he walk'd along the street,
As if he had been a new wash'd Sheep:
Sing hey down a derry, and let's be merry,
And from such Sin ever keep.

THE TROOPER WATERING HIS NAGG

[1707]

[Words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 55].

There was an old Woman liv'd under a Hill,
Sing Trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo;
She had good Beer and Ale for to sell,
Ho, ho, had she so, had she so, had she so;
She had a Daughter her name was *Siss*,
Sing Trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo;
She kept her at Home for to welcome her Guest,
Ho, ho, did she so, did she so, did she so.

There came a Trooper riding by,
Sing trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo;
He call'd for Drink most plentifully,
Ho, ho, did he so, did he so, did he so;
When one Pot was out he call'd for another,
Sing trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo;
He kiss'd the Daughter before the Mother,
Ho, ho, did he so, did he so, did he so.

And when Night came on to Bed they went,
Sing trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo;

It was with the Mother's own Consent,
Ho, ho, was it so, was it so, was it so;
Quoth she, what is this so stiff and warm,
Sing trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo;
Tis Ball my Nag he will do you no harm,
Ho, ho, wont he so, wont he so, wont he so.

But what is this hangs under his Chin,
Sing trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo;
'Tis the Bag he puts his Provender in,
Ho, ho, is it so, is it so, is it so;
Quoth he, what is this? Quoth she, 'tis a Well,
Sing trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo;
Where Ball your Nag may drink his fill,
Ho, ho, may he so, may he so, may he so.

But what if my Nag should chance to slip in,
Sing trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo;
Then catch hold of the Grass that grows on the brim,
Ho, ho, must I so, must I so, must I so;
But what if the Grass should chance to fail,
Sing trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo;
Shove him in by the Head, pull him out by the Tail,
Ho, ho, must I so, must I so, must I so.

MY THING IS MY OWN

[1707]

[Words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 234].

I a tender young Maid have been courted by many,
Of all sorts and Trades as ever was any:
A spruce Haberdasher first spake me fair,
But I would have nothing to do with Small ware.
My Thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A sweet scented Courtier did give me a Kiss,
And promis'd me Mountains if I would be his,
But I'll not believe him, for it is too true,
Some Courtiers do promise much more than they do.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A fine Man of Law did come out of the Strand,
To plead his own Cause with his Fee in his Hand;
He made a brave Motion but that would not do,
For I did dismiss him, and Nonsuit him too.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

Next came a young Fellow, a notable Spark,
(With Green Bag and Inkhorn, a Justices Clark)

He pull'd out his Warrant to make all appear,
But I sent him away with a Flea in his Ear.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A Master of Musick came with an intent,
To give me a Lesson on my Instrument,
I thank'd him for nothing, but bid him be gone,
For my little Fiddle should not be plaid on.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

An Usurer came with abundance of Cash,
But I had no mind to come under his Lash,
He profer'd me Jewels, and great store of Gold,
But I would not Mortgage my little Free-hold.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A blunt Lieutenant surpriz'd my Placket,
And fiercely began to rifle and sack it,
I mustered my Spirits up and became bold,
And forc'd my Lieutenant to quit his strong hold.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A Crafty young Bumpkin that was very rich,
And us'd with his Bargains to go thro' stitch,
Did tender a Sum, but it would not avail,
That I should admit him my Tenant in tayl.

My Thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A fine dapper Taylor, with a Yard in his Hand,
Did profer his Service to be at Command,
He talk'd of a slit I had above Knee,
But I'll have no Taylors to stitch it for me.
My Thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A Gentleman that did talk much of his Grounds,
His Horses, his Setting-Dogs, and his Grey-hounds,
Put in for a Course, and us'd all his Art,
But he mist of the Sport, for Puss would not start.
My Thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A pretty young Squire new come to the Town,
To empty his Pockets, and so to go down,
Did profer a kindness, but I would have none,
The same that he us'd to his Mother's Maid Joan.
My Thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

Now here I could reckon a hundred and more,
Besides all the Gamesters recited before,
That made their addresses in hopes of a snap
But as young as I was I understood Trap.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Until I be Marryed, say Men what they will.

"AS THE FRYER HE WENT ALONG"

[1707]

[Words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 130].

As the Fryer he went along, and a poring in his Book,
At last he spy'd a Jolly brown Wench a washing of her Buck,
Sing, Stow the Fryer, stow the Fryer
Some good Man, and let this fair Maid go.

The Fryer he pull'd out and a Jolly T——d as much as he could handle,
Fair Maid, quoth he, if thou carriest Fire in thy A——, come light me this same Candle.
Sing, Stow the Fryer, stow the Fryer
Some good Man, and let this fair Maid go.

The Maid she sh—— and a Jolly brown T—— out of her Jolly brown Hole,
Good Sir, quoth she, if you will a Candle light come blow me this same Cole.
Sing, Stow the Fryer, stow the Fryer,
Some good Man, and let this fair Maid go.

Part of the Sparks flew into the *North*, and part into the *South*,
And part of this jolly brown T—— flew into the Fryer's Mouth.
Sing, Stow the Fryer, stow the Fryer
Some good Man, and let this fair Maid go.

THE LASS OF LYNN'S SORROWFUL LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF HER MAIDEN-HEAD

[1707]

[Words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 131].

I am a young Lass of *Lynn*,
Who often said thank you too;
My Belly's now almost to my Chin,
I cannot tell what to do.

My being so free and kind,
Does make my Heart to rue;
The sad Effects of this I find,
And cannot tell what to do.

My Petticoats which I wore,
And likewise my Aprons too;
Alass, they are all too short before,
I cannot tell what to do.

Was ever young Maid so crost,
As I who thank'd him too:
For why, my Maiden-head is lost,
I cannot tell what to do.

In sorrowful sort I cry'd,
And may now for ever rue;
The Pain lies in my Back and Side,
I cannot tell what to do.

Alass I was kind and mild,
But now the same I rue;
Having no Father for my Child,
I cannot tell what to do.

I took but a Touch in jest,
Believe me this is true;
Yet I have proved, I protest,
And cannot tell what to do.

He crav'd my Virginity,
And gave me his own in lieu;
In this I find I was too kind,
And cannot tell what to do.

Each Damsel will me degrade,
And so will the young Men too;
I'm neither Widow, Wife, nor Maid,
I cannot tell what to do.

A Cradle I must provide,
A Chair and Posset too;
Nay, likewise twenty Things beside,
I cannot tell what to do.

When I was a Maiden fair,
  Such Sorrows I never knew;
But now my Heart is full of Care,
  I cannot tell what to do.

Oh what will become of me,
  My Belly's as big as two;
'Tis with a Two-legg'd Tympany,
  I cannot tell what to do.

You Lasses that hear my Moan,
  If you will your Joys renew;
Besure, while Married, lye alone, [? unmarried]
  Or else you at lenght may rue.

I came of as good a Race,
  As most is in *Lynn's* fair Town;
And cost a great deal bringing up,
  But a little Thing laid me down.

"AMINTA ONE NIGHT HAD OCCASION TO PISS"

[*c.* 1707]

[Words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 274; tune, *When first Amyntas su'd for a Kiss*].

Aminta one Night had occasion to P——ss,
Joan reach'd her the Pot that stood by her;
I in the next Chamber could hear it to hiss,
The Sluice was small, but Stream was strong:
My Soul was melting, thinking of bliss,
And raving I lay with desire;
But nought could be done,
For alas she P——d on,
Nor car'd for Pangs I suffer'd long:
Joan next made hast,
In the self same Case;
To fix the Pot close to her own A——;
Then Floods did come,
One might have swom,
And puff a Whirl-wind flew from her B——

Says *Joan*, by these strange Blasts that do rise,
I guess that the Night will grow windy;
For when such Showers do fall from the Skies,
To clear the Air the North-wind blows;

Ye nasty Quean, her Lady replies,
That Tempest broke out from behind ye;
And though it was decently kept from my Eyes,
The troubled Air offends my Nose:
Says *Joan* 'ods-heart,
You have P——d a Quart,
And now you make ado for a F——t;
'Tis still your mind,
To squeeze behind,
But never fell Shower from me without wind.

"MY PRETTY MAID, FAIR WOULD I KNOW."

[*c.* 1707]

[Words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 76].

My pretty Maid, fair would I know
What thing it is will breed Delight,
That strives to stand, yet cannot go,
That feeds the Mouth that cannot bite.
With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grumbledum hey.
With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grumbledum hey.

It is a pretty pricking thing
A pleasing and a standing thing,
'Twas the Truncheon *Mars* did use,
A Bed-ward bit which Maidens chuse.
With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grumbledum hey.
With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grumbledum hey.

It is a Shaft of *Cupid's* cut,
'Twill serve to Rove, to Prick, to Butt;
There's never a Maid, but by her will
Will keep it in her Quiver still.

With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum
grumbledum hey.
With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum
grumbledum hey.

'Tis a Fryer with a Bald-Head,
A Staff to beat a Cuckold Dead;
It is a Gun that shoots point-blank;
It hits betwixt a Woman's Flank,
With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum
grumbledum hey.
With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum
grumbledum hey.

It has a Head much like a Mole's,
And yet it loves to creep in Holes:
The fairest She that e'er took Life,
For love of this, became a Wife.
With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum
grumbledum hey.
With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum
grumbledum hey.

THE BEE-HIVE

[*c.* 1707]

[Words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 73].

My Mistress is a Hive of Bees in yonder flowry Garden,
To her they come with loaden Thighs, to ease them of their Burden:
As under the Bee-Hive lieth the Wax, and under the Wax is Honey,
So under her Waste her Belly is plac'd, and under that her C—ny.

My Mistress is a Mine of Gold, would that it were her Pleasure,
To let me dig within her Mould, and roll among her Treasure.
As under the Moss the Mould doth lye, and under the Mould is Mony,
So under her Waste her Belly is plac'd, and under that her C—ny.

My Mistress is a Morn of *May*, which drops of Dew down stilleth,
Where e'er she goes to sport and play, the Dew down sweetly trilleth,

As under the Sun the Mist doth lye, so under
the Mist it is Sunny,
So under her Waste her Belly is plac'd, and
under that her C—ny.

My Mistress is a pleasant Spring, that yieldeth
store of Water sweet,
That doth refresh each wither'd thing lies trodden
under Feet,
Her Belly is both white and soft, and downy as
any Bunny,
That many Gallants wish full oft to play but
with her C—ny.

My Mistress hath the Magick Sprays, of late she
takes such wondrous pain,
That she can pleasing Spirits raise, and also lay
them down again,
Such power hath my tripping Doe, my little
pretty Bunny,
That many would their Lives forego, to play but
with her C—ny.

"WOULD YOU HAVE A YOUNG VIRGIN"

[1709]

[Words by T. DURFEY; from *The Modern Prophets*, sung by Mr. PACK, *fl.* 1700-24; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), i. 132].

Would ye have a young Virgin of fifteen Years,
You must tickle her Fancy with sweets and dears,
Ever toying, and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
Sing a Love Sonnet, and charm her Ears:
Wittily, prettily, talk her down,
Chase her, and praise her, if fair or brown,
Sooth her, and smooth her,
And teaze her, and please her,
And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a Widow well known in a Man?
With a front of Assurance come boldly on,
Let her rest not an Hour, but briskly, briskly,
Put her in mind how her Time steals on;
Rattle and prattle although she frown,
Rowse her, and towse her from Morn to Noon,
Shew her some Hour y'are able to grapple,
Then get but her Writings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a Punk of a Humour free,
That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality,
You must rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her
Pleasure's best Charm is Variety,
Swear her much fairer than all the Town,
Try her, and ply her when Cully's gone,
Dog her, and jog her,
And meet her, and treat her,
And kiss with two Guinea's, and all's your own.

THE SCOTCH PARSON'S DAUGHTER

[*c.* 1710]

[Words by T. DURFEY; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), ii. 202].

Peggy in Devotion,
  Bred from tender Years;
From my Loving motion,
  Still was call'd to Prayers:
I made muckle bustle,
  Love's dear Fort to win;
But the Kirk Apostle,
  Told her 'twas a Sin.

Fasting and Repentance,
  And such Whining Cant;
With the Dooms-day sentence,
  Frighted my young Saint:
He taught her the Duty,
  Heavenly joys to know;
I that lik'd her Beauty,
  Taught her those below.

Nature took my part still,
  Sence did Reason blind;

That for all his Art still,
She to me inclin'd:
Strange delight hereafter,
Did so dull appear;
She as I had taught her,
Vow'd to share 'em here.

Faith 'tis worth your Laughter,
'Mongst the canting Race;
Neither Son nor Daughter,
Ever yet had Grace:
Peggy on the Sunday,
With her Daddy vext;
Came to me on Monday,
And forgot his Text.

THE MAIDS LESSON

BEING INSTRUCTIONS FOR A YOUNG SHE BEGINNER,
A SPICK AND SPAN NEW SONG

[*c.* 1710]

[A broadside song with music].

To play upon a Viol, if a Virgin will begin,
She first of all must know her Cliff;
And all the Stops therein:
She first of all must know her Cliff: and all
the Stops therein.

Her Prick she must hold long enough,
Her backfalls Gently take:
Her touch must gentle be, not rough,
She at each stroke must shake.

Her Body must by no means bend,
But stick close to her Fiddle,
Her feet must hold the lower end,
Her knees must hold the middle.

She boldly to the Bow must fly,
As if she'd make it crack,
Two Fingers on the hair must lye,
And two upon the Back.

And when she hath as she woud have,
She must it gently thrust,
Up, down, swift, slow, at any rate,
As she her self doth List.

And when she once begins to find,
That she grows something cunning,
She'l ne'er be quiet in her mind
Untill she finds it running.

THE LASS WITH THE VELVET A—SE

[*c.* 1710]

[A broadside song with music].

There was a buxom Lass
And she had a Velvet A——
Which made he to Bounce and to vapour
When E'er she went to sh——
If twas ne'er such a little bit
O she always wiped it with brown Paper
With brown Paper
With brown Paper
She always wiped it with brown Paper.

This Lass whose name was Jane
O she kept her A—se so clean,
That she won the Heart of one Mr. Draper
He married her outright,
So she got a Husband by't,
And all because she wiped her A—se
With brown Paper
Cho. With brown Paper
With brown Paper
And all because she wiped her A—se
With brown Paper.

Ye Lasses short and tall
Pray take Example all,
And learn for the future to use brown paper
So heres a health to every Lass.
That mudifies her A—se,
Not forgeting good Mrs. Draper
Cho. Good Mrs. Draper,
Good Mrs. Draper,
Not forgeting Good Mrs. Draper.

THE PENURIOUS QUAKER:

OR

THE HIGH PRIZ'D HARLOT

[*c.* 1719]

[Words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), vi. 294].

Quaker. My Friend thy Beauty seemeth good
We Righteous have our failings;
I'm Flesh and Blood, methinks I cou'd,
Wert thou but free from Ailings.

Harlot. Believe me Sir I'm newly broach'd,
And never have been in yet;
I vow and swear I ne'er was touch'd,
By Man 'till this day sennight.

Quaker. Then prithee Friend, now prithee do,
Nay, let us not defer it;
And I'll be kind to thee when thou
Hast laid the Evil Spirit.

Harlot. I vow I won't, indeed I shan't,
Unless I've Money first, Sir;
For if I ever trust a Saint,
I wish I may be curst, Sir.

Quaker. I cannot like the Wicked say,
I Love thee and Adore thee,
And therefore thou wilt make me pay,
So here is Six pence for thee.

Harlot. Confound you for a stingy Whig,
Do ye think I live by Stealing;
Farewel you Puritannick Prig,
I scorn to take your Shilling.

A TENEMENT TO LET

[*c.* 1719]

[Words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vi. 355.]

I have a Tenement to Let,
I hope will please you all,
And if you'd know the Name of it,
'Tis called *Cunny Hall.*

It's seated in a Pleasant Vale,
Beneath a rising Hill;
This Tenement is to be Let,
To whosoe'er I will.

For Years, for Months, for Weeks or Days,
I'll let this famous Bow'r;
Nay rather than a Tennant want,
I'd let it for an Hour.

There's round about a pleasant Grove,
To shade it from the Sun;
And underneath is Well water
That pleasantly does run.

Where if you're hot you may be cool'd,
If cold you may find heat;

It is a well contrived Spring,
Not little nor too great.

The place is very Dark by Night,
And so it is by Day;
But when you once are enter'd in,
You cannot lose your way.

And when you're in, go boldly on,
As far as e'er you can;
And if you reach to the House top,
You'll be where ne'er was Man.

THE WANTON VIRGINS FRIGHTED

[*c.* 1719]

[Words and music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), ii. 12].

You that delight in a Jocular Song,
Come listen unto me a while, Sir;
I will engage you shall not tarry long,
Before it shall make you to smile, Sir:
Near to the Town there liv'd an old Man,
Had three pretty Maids to his Daughters;
Of whom I will tell such a story anon,
Will tickle your Fancy with Laughter.

The old Man had in his Garden a Pond,
'Twas in very fine Summer Weather;
The Daughters one Night they were all very fond,
To go and Bath in it together:
Which they agreed, but happen'd to be,
O'er heard by a Youth in the House, Sir;
Who got in the Garden, and climb'd up a Tree,
And there sate as still as a Mouse, Sir.

The Branch where he sat it hung over the Pond,
At each puff of Wind he did totter;

Pleas'd with the Thoughts he should sit abscond,
And see them go into the Water:
When the Old Man was safe in his Bed,
The Daughters then to the Pond went, Sir;
One to the other two laughing she said,
As high as our Bubbies we'll venture.

Upon the tender green Grass they sat down,
They all were of delicate Feature;
Each pluck'd off her Petticoat, Smock, and Gown,
No sight it could ever be sweeter:
Into the Pond then dabling they went,
So clean that they needed no Washing;
But they were all so unluckily bent,
Like Boys they began to be dashing.

If any body should see us, says one,
They'd think we were boding of Evil;
And from the sight of us quickly would run,
And avoid so many white Devils:
This put the Youth in a merry Pin,
He let go his hold thro' his Laughter;
And as it fell out, he fell tumbling in,
And scar'd them all out of the Water.

The old Man by this time a Noise had heard,
And rose out of Bed in a Fright, Sir;
And comes to the Door with a Rusty old Sword,
There stood in a Posture to fight, Sir:

The Daughters they all came tumbling in,
And over their Dad they did blunder;
Who cry'd out aloud, Mercy, good Gentlemen,
And thought they were Thieves came to Plunder.

The Noise by this time the Neighbours had heard,
Who came with long Clubs to assist him;
He told them three bloody Rogues run up Stairs,
He dar'd by no means to resist them:
For they were Cloathed all in their Buff,
He see as they shov'd in their Shoulders;
And black Bandaleers hung before like a ruff,
Which made them believe they were Soldiers.

The Virgins their Cloaths in the Garden had left,
And Keys of their Trunks in their Pockets;
To put on the Sheets they were fain to make shift,
Their Chest they could not unlock it:
At last ventur'd up these Valiant Men,
Thus armed with Courage undaunted;
But took them for Spirits, and run back again,
And swore that the House it was Haunted.

As they Retreated the young Man they met,
Come shivering in at the Door, Sir;
Who look'd like a Rat with his Cloaths dropping wet,
No Rogue that was Pump'd could look worser:
All were amazed to see him come in,
And ask'd of him what was the Matter?

He told them the Story, and where he had been,
Which set them all in a Laughter.

Quoth the old Daddy, I was in a huff,
And reckon'd to cut them asunder;
Thinking they had been three Soldiers in Buff,
That came here to rifle and Plunder:
But they are my Daughters whom I loved,
All Frighted from private Diversion;
Therefore I'll put up my old rusty Sword,
For why should I be in a Passion.

THE TURNEP GROUND

[*c.* 1720]

[A broadside song with music].

I ow'd my Hostess thirty Pound,
And how dy'e think I pay'd her,
I Mett her in my Turnep Ground,
And gently down I Lay'd her,

She Op't a Purse as black as Coal,
To hold my Coin when counted,
I Satisfied in the hole,
And Just by Tayl She found it.

Two stones make Pounds full Twenty Eight
And stones she had some skill in,
And if good Flesh bare any rate
A Yard's worth Forty Shilling,

If this Coin pass, no Man that lives,
Shall dun for past Debauches;
Zounds, Landlords, send but in your Wifes,
We'll scow'r off all their Notches.

THE SCHOOL MASTERS LESSON

[*c.* 1720]

[A broadside song with music].

I will fly into your Arms,
  and Smother you with kisses,
I will rifle all your Charms,
  and teach you Am'rous blisses,
For it is my Concern,
And a means that you should learn,
  the Pranks of other Misses.

Dont be coy when I invade,
  And kindly yield the Blessing,
For it is high time your Maidenhead
  Were in my Possession,
Dont cry out and be a Fool,
For if that you come to School
  You must peruse your Lesson.

Open then the Books my dear,
  The Leaves shall be separated,
All things that comprehensive are,
  Shall soon be penetrated
Lessons three she had that Night,

Taking pleasure with delight,
  She begg'd for more next Morning.

Lovely master try again,
  Dont so soon forsake me,
For to learn I am in Pain
  Till you a Scholar make me,
Such pretty pretty Things you show
The more you teach the more I'd know,
  For now the Fit dos take me.

Never Master pleas'd me more,
  To such great Perfection,
And of all the schools I'm sure,
  Kind is your Correction,
For whene'ver you give the same
Never a Scholar can you blame,
  Tis done with such affection.

Open then my Leaves so Fair,
  And kindly to me show Sir,
What knowledge is, how sweet, how rare,
  And what I long to know Sir,
Cupid tells me very Plain,
That your learning is not vain,
  But usefull as his Bow Sir.

When he was departing then,
  She said with kind Expression,

When will you pray Sir come again,
And teach me t'other Lesson,
He reply'd with great delight,
My dear, I'll come but ev'ry Night,
And think it as a Blessing.

Thus each Night he do[e]s repair
To tell her of her Duty,
While He's taken in the snare
Shot to the Heart by Cupid,
When the School master is Love,
Then the Scholars kinder prove
For Love is Kin to Beauty.

THE SILENT FLUTE

[1720]

[Broadside song with music: the words by SOL. BOLTON to the tune of *Sally in our Alley* (CAREY, *c.* 1720); in *Musical Miscellany*, 1729, iii. 94 and many other collections].

As Damon late with Cloe sat,
They talk'd of am'rous Blisses;
Kind things he said, which she repaid,
In pleasing Smiles and Kisses
With tuneful Tongue of Love he sung;
She thank'd him for his Ditty,
But said one Day she heard him say,
The Flute was mighty pretty.

Young *Damon*, who her Meaning knew,
Took out his Pipe to charm her;
And while he strove, with wanton Love,
And sprightly Airs, to warm her;
She begg'd the Swain to play one Strain,
In all the softest Measure,
Whose Killing Sound would sweetly wound,
And make her dye with Pleasure.

Eager to do't, he takes the Flute,
And ev'ry Accent traces,
Love trickling thro' his Fingers flew,
And whisper'd melting Graces:
He did his Part with wond'rous Art,
Expecting Praises after;
But she instead of falling dead,
Burst out into a Laughter.

Taking the Hint, as *Cloe* meant,
Said he, My Dear, be easy;
I have a Flute, which, tho' 'tis mute,
May play a Tune to please ye:
Then down he laid the charming Maid,
He found her kind and willing;
He play'd again, and tho' each Strain
Was silent, yet 'twas Killing.

Fair *Cloe* soon approv'd the Tune,
And vow'd he play'd divinely;
Let's have it o'er, said she, once more,
It goes exceeding finely:
The Flute is good, that's made of Wood,
And is, I own, the neatest;
Yet ne'ertheless, I must confess,
The silent Flute's the sweetest.

A YORKSHIRE TALE

[1729]

[Words and music in *Musical Miscellany*, iii. 76].

Come hither, good People, both Aged and Young,
And give your Attention to my merry Song;
I'll sing you a true one, and not hold you long,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

A Parson there was, and whose Name I cou'd tell,
But suppose I do not, it is full as well,
Whose Wife did all *Yorkshire* in Beauty excel,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

Her Texture so perfect, her Eyes black as Sloe,
Her Hair curling shone, and like Jet it did show,
Which often denotes 'tis the same Thing below:
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

A sprightly young Spark she had smitten so deep,
Nor Day had he Quiet, nor Night cou'd he sleep,
Which made him think how, to her Bed he should
creep.
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

Assistance he wanted, and then did unbend
His Mind to a Brother, besure a good Friend,
Who said, fear not *Wat*, thou shalt compass thy
End.
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

In Woman's Apparel dress out, and be gay,
I'll venture my Life on't, 'twill be a sure Way,
If you condescend but to what I shall say,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

And thus to the Parson's this Couple rode on;
Dear Doctor, says *Frank*, here's a Thing to be
done,
Which Office perform'd, I shall gratefully own,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

This Lady, that long has Love's Passion defy'd,
And all my Addresses so often deny'd,
Will now make me happy by being my Bride,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

'Tis past the Canonical Hour, said he,
And till the next morning you know it can't be,
And then I'll attend you, Sir, most readily,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

Says *Frank*, I confess, Sir, you are perfectly right;
But here lies the Hardship, we can't, while 'tis Light,
Get to the next Town for a Lodging to-night,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

Take no care of that, Sir, for thus it shall be,
The Lady, if she thinks it fit to agree,
Shall lie with my Dearest, and you lie with me,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

You so much oblige me in what you now say,
I hope in Return I shall find out a Way
Such generous Kindness with thanks to repay
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

This being agreed on, both Sides did consent
To put the Glass round, and the Evening was spent
In Mirth and good Cheer, then to Bed they all went,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

No sooner in Bed then, but with a bold Grace,
Watt, full of Desire, thus open'd the Case,
Dear Madam, says he, I must——then did embrace,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

Confounded she lay, and not able to speak,
To think how these Wags had deceiv'd her and Dick;
But at last she was pleas'd with the Frolick and Trick.
With a down, down, down, up and down,

derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

He pleas'd her so well, that transported she lay,
Contriving and plotting for his longer Stay,
Which thus to her Husband she form'd the next Day,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

This Lady, my Dearest, last Night full of Grief,
Oft' hugg'd me, and told me, I can't for my Life
Consent, tho' I've proms'd him to be his Wife,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

To-morrow, said she, and then freely went on,
Tho' I love him, my Heart tells me I must be gone,
If so the poor Man you know may be undone,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

Now how to prevent this I'll think of a Way
If I can persuade her some time for to stay,
And that's a good Office, I'm sure you will say,

With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

'Tis so, my dear Creature; pray do what you can,
To please her, and bring her to Humour again,
And I'll do my best to divert the poor Man,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

The Plot so well taken made both their Hearts bound,
All Night, and all Day too, whenever they found
Convenience for Pastime, her Pleasure he crown'd,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

And thus my Friend *Watt* his full Swing did obtain,
The Wife too in Transport a whole Week did reign,
And the Man, ne'er the worse, had his Mare back again,
With a down, down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, derry, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.

THE PRESBYTERIAN WEDDING

— Procul ô procul este Profani !
Conclamat Vates totoque abſiſtite Luco.
VIRGIL.

[1729]

[Words and music from *Musical Miscellany*, v. 102].

A certain Presbyterian Pair
Were wedded t'other day;
And when in Bed the Lambs were laid,
Their Pastor came to pray.

But first he bade each Guest depart,
Nor sacred Rites prophane;
For carnal Eyes such Mysteries
Can never entertain.

Then with a Puritannick Air,
Unto the Lord he pray'd,
That he would please to grant Encrease
To that same man and maid:

And that the Husbandman might dress
Full well the Vine his Wife;
And like a Vine she still might twine
About him all her Life.

Sack Posset then he gave them both,
And said with lifted Eyes,
Blest of the Lord! with one Accord
Begin your Enterprize.

The Bridegroom then drew near his Spouse,
T'apply Prolifick Balm;
And while they strove in mutual Love,
The Parson sung a Psalm.

THE GALLANT SCHEMER'S PETITION TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. F——S

[1731]

[Words and music from *Musical Miscellany*, vi. 88; set by Mr. J. SHEELES].

By the Mole on your Bubbies so round and so white,
By the Mole on your Neck, where my Arms would delight,
By what-ever Mole else you have got out of sight.
I pr'ythee now hear me, dear Molly.

By the Kiss just a starting from off your moist Lips,
By the delicate up-and-down Jutt of your Hips,
By the Tip of your Tongue, which all Tongues out-tips
I pr'ythee now hear me, dear Molly.

By the Down on your Bosom on which my Soul dies,
By the Thing of all Things which you love as your Eyes,
By the Thoughts you lie down with, and those when you rise,
I pr'ythee now hear me, dear Molly.

By all the soft Pleasures a Virgin can share,
By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear,
By the Question I burn for to ask, but don't dare,
I pr'ythee now hear me, dear Molly.

"O MITHER DEAR, I GIN TO FEAR"

[1733]

[Words and music from THOMSON'S *Orpheus Caledonius*, ii. 83; tune, *Jenny beguild the Webster*].

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
  Tho' I'm baith good, and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my Sleep
  I start and dream of Johny.
When Johny then comes down the Glen,
  To woo me dinna hinder;
But with Content gi' your Consent;
  For we twa ne'er can sinder.

Better to marry, than miscarry;
  For Shame and Skaith's the Clink o't,
To thole the Dool, to mount the Stool
  I downa' bide to think o't:
Sae while 'tis time, I'll shun the Crime,
  That gars poor *Epps* gae whinging,
With Hainches fow, and Een sae blew,
  To a' the Bedrals bindging.

Had *Eppy's* Apron bidden down,
  The Kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the Word's gane thro' the town
  Alake! how can she mend it?

Now *Tam* maun face the Minister,
And she maun mount the Pillar;
And that's the way that they maun gae
For poor Folk has na Siller.

Now ha'd ye'r Tongue, my Daughter young,
Reply'd the kindly Mither,
Get *Johny's* Hand in haly Band,
Syne wap ye'r Wealth together.
I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
Ye'll do your part discreetly;
And prove a Wife, will gar his Life,
And Barrel run right sweetly.

WHITE THIGHS

[*b.* 1735]

[Attributed to THOMAS 6th EARL OF HADDINGTON. *See* Note to "The Bobtailed Lass—" *post*, p. 275].

Let the world run its course of capricious delight
I none of its vanities prize;
More substantial the joys I experience each night,
From a touch 'twixt my charmer's white thighs.

Poets praise Chloe's shape, her complexion, her air,
Coral lips, pearly teeth, and fine eyes;
A fig for them all, they can never compare,
To my charmer's elastic white thighs.

What care I for Phillis, Maria, and Jane,
Their beauties may raw one's surprise;
Let others enjoy them—content I remain,
Sole lord of thy lovely white thighs.

If aught can entice me, or aught can allure,
My slumbering passions to rise,
Or aught kindle up my desires—be sure
'Tis the sight of these snowy white thighs.

When I revel, dear love, in thy heavenly charms,
The joys of the gods I despise;
Nor envy great Mars, though in Venus' arms,
Whilst embracing thy beautiful thighs.

Believe me, my dear, there is nothing on earth,
Which so fondly—so madly I prize,
As that fountain of bliss, where delight takes its birth,
Which is placed 'twixt thy parting white thighs.

Of Ganymede's beauties we oft times have heard,
And how Jove buggar'd him in the skies;
No envy have I, nor care I a turd,
Whilst possessing such exquisite thighs.

The arse of my love is delightfull to see,
Its plumpness rejoiceth the eyes;
Her lily white belly is heaven to me,
But, ye gods! what are these to her thighs.

A LATE DIALOGUE BETWEEN CAPTAIN LOW AND HIS FRIEND DICK

[*b.* 1749]

[From *Poems* by ROBERTSON of Struan].

LOW.

Tell me, thou Source of Scandal, Dick,
Why did my Lord's Relations stick
And bogle so at Matrimony?

DICK.

Because my Lord had but one P—k
To satisfy my Lady's C—ny.

LOW.

Besides, the little harmless Buck,
Perhaps has never had the Luck
In such a Case to have been try'd:

DICK.

But she gave Proof that she could f—k,
Or she is damnably bely'd.

LOW.

But now that they are join'd in one,
(As Woman may be join'd to Man)
They'll eat and drink up all their Store.

DICK.

My Lady P—n and Lady A—n
Will always patronize a Whore.

LOW.

In Charity, I must confess,
The Ladies they can do no less;
But who will stickle for the Tool?

DICK.

The Governor, who's but an Ass,
Will never abdicate a Fool.

LOW.

'Tis not, they say, this Lad alone,
Has sav'd a Virgin quite undone,
And it is thought a Christian Passion:

DICK.

Yet I should hardly lose my own,
To save a Bitch's Reputation.

LOW.

But to be strain'd in Marriage-Press
Is honourable ne'er the less,
If you will credit holy Writ:

DICK.

'Tis honourable, I confess,
But never when the Bed's beshit.

LOW.

Thy Poison always makes me mad,
A Basilisk's is not so bad,
For all the Legions it has slain.

DICK.

Leave off thy Railing, or, by Gad,
I'll have thee squeez'd like Nevil Payne.

LOW.

Were it not, Sir, I plainly view
Your cursed Tongue will murder you,
I had myself already done't.

DICK.

Thou drunken Sot, go Home and spue,
And piss a Bed, as thou art wont.

THE PROUD PEDLAR

[*c.* 1750]

[*Roxburgh Ballads*, iii. 656].

So merrily singeth the Nightengale, and so merrily singeth the Jay:
And so merrily singeth the proud Pedlar as he walked along the Highway.

"The Bag at my Back is worth Twenty Pounds, in Gold and in good Money;
And I would freely part with it all, for to kiss a Night with a Lady."

The Lady look'd out of her window, and hearing the Pedlar sing;
"Sing on, sing on, thou proud Pedlar, the Song that thou didst begin."

The Pedlar look'd over his Left shoulder, he looked so neat and so trim,
"I never sung a Song in all my whole Life, but I could sing it again.

The Bag at my Back is worth Twenty Pounds,
in Gold and in good Money;
And I would freely part with it all, for to kiss
a Night with a Lady."

The Lady took the Pedlar's Hand, and through
the Hall him led,
Into a large and spacious Room, where Cushions
and Pillows were laid.

The Pedlar lay with the Lady all Night, until it
was Break of Day;
And then he thought of his Tom Pack, when
he had no Sport to play.

"Here's Twenty Pounds," the Pedlar said, "for
to buy Gloves, Jewels and Rings,
So I may have my little Tom Pack, for to get
me my Living."

The Lady took the Pedlar's Pack, and set it
upon her Knee.
"If you would give me twice Twenty Pounds,
you shall have no Pack of me."

"I will make Grass grow," the Pedlar said, "and
where there did grow none;
And I will stand at the Hall-Gate, till your
wedded Lord comes home."

At night her own wedded Lord came home, an
[s]eeing the Pedlar there stand,
"What dost thou here, thou proud Pedlar?
Now this of thee I do demand."

"Yesterday I made a Feast, for Pedlars thirty-
and three,
And wanted a Mortar to pound the Spice, and
borrow'd one of your Lady.

"The Mortar was your own Lady's, but the
Pestle was my own;
But now she has got my little Tom Pack, and
I wish the truth was but known."

"Come give him his Pack," (Thou proud Pedlar!)
"What makes you here let him stand?
Come, give him his Pack and let him be gone,
and this of you I do command."

"Come, take thy Pack, thou proud Pedlar, come
take this Pack of thine;
For never a Pedlar, for thy sake, shall pound
Spice in a Mortar of mine."

"Now this is well juggl'd," the Pedlar said,
"and it is well juggled of me:
For now I have got my little Tom Pack, and
kist all Night with a Lady.

By my wanton Tricks I lost this Pack, by my
Wits I have got it again;
And if I do live these Five Hundred Years, I
will never come there again."

THE SAD DISASTER

[1766]

[By DURFEY the Younger in *The Rattle*, p. 53; tune, *Fair Kitty, beautiful and young*, etc.].

As Lady Jane, devoutly wise,
  Upon her arm reclin'd ;
With Yorick's sermons pour'd her eyes,
  Fit food for such a mind,
A saucy flea came skipping o'er
  Those parts must not be nam'd,
Which when she rubb'd, still itch'd the more,
  Enrag'd, the fair exclaim'd.

"Shall this vile reptile boldly dare
  "My hidden charms to scan,
"Which I so long have kept with care
  "From that base tyrant man?
"Forbid it all ye Gods!" then flew,
  Like lightning to the bell;
What sad disaster did ensue,
  I dread, alas! to tell,

"Here, *Betty*, quickly bring a light,
  "And help to find him out,

"Make haste, or I shall lose him quite,
"What is the wench about?"
Then stooping with an eager eye,
And breast brimfull of ire,
The heedless creature went too nigh,
And set her smock on fire.

I REDE YOU BEWARE O' THE RIPPLES

[*b.* 1796]

[BURNS in *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800); tune, *The Taylor's faun thro' the bed,* etc.].

I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man, counsel; weakness in the back and reins
  I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man;
Tho' the saddle be saft, ye needna ride aft,
  For fear that the girdin' beguile ye, young man.

I rede ye beware o' the ripples, young man,
  I rede ye beware o' the ripples, young man;
Tho' music be pleasure, tak' music in measure,
  Or ye may want win' i' your whistle, young man.

I rede ye beware o' the ripples, young man,
  I rede ye beware o' the ripples, young man;
Whate'er ye bestow, do less than ye dow,
  The mair will be thought o' your kindness,
    young man

I rede ye beware o' the ripples, young man,
  I rede ye beware o' the ripples, young man;
Gif you wad be strang, and wish to live lang,
  Dance less wi' your arse to the kipples, young lower parts
    man.

THE LASS O' LIVISTON

[*b.* 1796]

[Old song in *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800) collected by BURNS].

The bonny lass o' Liviston,
  Her name ye ken, her name ye ken;
And ay the welcomer ye'll be,
  The farther ben, the farther ben.
And she has it written in her contract,
  To lie her lane, to lie her lane;
And I hae written in my contract,
belly To claw her wame, to claw her wame.

The bonny lass o' Liviston,
  She's berry brown, she's berry brown;
An' ye winna true her lovely locks,
  Gae farther down, gae farther down.
She has a black and a rolling eye,
  And a dimplit chin, and a dimplit chin;
taste And no to prie her rosy lips,
  Wad be a sin, wad be a sin.

The bonny lass o' Liviston,
  Cam in to me, cam in to me;

I wat' wi' baith ends o' the busk,
  I made me free, I made me free.
I laid her feet to my bed-stock,
  Her head to the wa', her head to the wa';
And I gied her her wee coat in her teeth,
  Her sark an' a', her sark an' a'.

WAD YE DO THAT?

[*b.* 1796]

[Old Song from *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800), collected by BURNS; tune, *John Anderson, my jo*].

Gudewife when your gudeman's frae hame,
Might I but be sae bauld,
As come to your bed-chamber,
When winter nights are cauld;
As come to your bed-chamber,
When nights are cauld and wat;
And lie in your gudeman's stead,
Wad ye do that?

Young man an ye should be so kind,
When our gudeman's frae hame,
As come to my bed-chamber,
alone Where I am laid my lane;
And lie in our gudeman's stead,
I will tell you what,
He fucks me five times ilka night,
Wade ye do that?

THE PATRIARCH

[*b.* 1796]

[BURNS in *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800); tune, *The auld cripple Dow*].

As honest Jacob on a night,
Wi' his beloved beauty,
Was duly laid on wedlock's bed,
And noddin' at his duty,

"How lang," she says, "ye fumbling wretch,
"Will ye be fucking at it?
"My eldest wean might die of age,
"Before that ye could get it.

"Ye pegh, and grane, and groazle there, puff
"And mak an unco splutter,
"And I maun lie and thole you here, endure
"And fient a hair the better." the devil

Then he, in wrath, put up his graith,
"The deevil's in the hizzie!
"I maw you as I maw the lave, mow; remainder
"And night and day I'm busy.

"I've bairned the servant gypsies baith,
"Forbye your titty Leah;
"Ye barren jad, ye put me mad,
"What mair can I do wi' you?

"There's ne'er a maw I've gi'en the lave,
"But ye hae got a dizzen;
"And damn'd a ane ye'se get again,
become dried "Although your cunt should gizzen."

Then Rachael, calm as ony lamb,
She claps him on the waulies,
Quo' she, "Ne'er fash a woman's clash,
"In trowth, ye maw me braulies.

"My dear, 'tis true, for mony a maw
"I'm your ungratefu' debtor
"But ance again, I dinna ken
"We'll aiblins happen better."

Then, honest man! wi' little wark
He sune forgot his ire;
The patriarch he coost the sark
And up and till't like fire!!!

WILL YE NA, CAN YE NA, LET ME BE

[*b.* 1796]

[Old song in *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800), collected by BURNS; tune, *I ha'e laid a herrin' in sa't*].

There liv'd a wife in Whistle-cockpen,
Will ye na, can ye na, let me be;
She brews good yill for gentlemen,
And ay she waggit it wantonlie.

The night blew sair wi' wind and weet,
Will ye na, can ye na, let me be;
She show'd the traveller ben to sleep,
And ay she waggit it wantonlie.

She saw a sight below his sark,
Will ye na, can ye na, let me be;
She wadna wanted it for a mark,
And ay she waggit it wantonlie.

She saw a sight aboon his knee,
Will ye na, can ye na, let me be;
She wadna wanted it, for three,
And ay she waggit it wantonlie.

"O whare live ye, and what's your trade?"
Will ye na, can ye na, let me be;
"I am a thresher gude," he said,
And ay she waggit it wantonlie.

"And that's my flail, and workin' graith,"
Will ye na, can ye na, let me be;
"And noble tools," quo' she, "by my faith!"
And ay she waggit it wantonlie.

"I wad gie a browst, the best I hae,"
Will ye na, can ye na, let me be:
"For a gude darge o' graith like thae,"
And ay she waggit it wantonlie.

"I wad sell the hair frae off my tail,"
Will ye na, can ye na, let me be;
"To buy our Andrew siccan a flail,"
And ay she waggit it wantonlie.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES

[*b.* 1796]

[BURNS in *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800)].

O wat ye ought o' fisher Meg,
And how she trow'd the webster, O,
She loot me see her carrot cunt,
And sell'd it for a lobster, O.
Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O,
The lassies they have wimble-bores,
The widows they hae gashes, O.

Mistress Mary cow'd her thing,
Because she wad be gentle, O,
And span the fleece upon a rock,
To waft a highland mantle, O.
Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O,
The lassies they have wimble-bores,
The widows they hae gashes, O.

An' heard ye o' the coat o' arms,
The Lyon brought our lady, O,

The crest was, couchant, sable cunt,
The motto, "Ready, ready," O.
Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O,
The lassies they have wimble-bores,
The widows they hae gashes, O.

An' ken ye Leezie Lundie, O,
The godly Leezie Lundie, O,
She maws like reek thro' a' the week,
But finger-fucks on Sunday, O.
Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O,
The lassies they have wimble-bores,
The widows they hae gashes, O.

CUDDIE THE COOPER

[*b.* 1796]

[From *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800), collected by BURNS; tune, *Bonnie Dundee*].

There was a cooper they ca'd him Cuddy,
He was the best cooper that ever I saw;
He cam to girth our landlady's tubbie,
He bang'd her buttocks again the wa'!
"Cooper," quo' she, "hae ye ony mony?"
"The deevil a penny," quo' Cuddy, "at a'!"
She took out her purse, an' she gied him a guinea
For banging her buttocks again the wa'.

BROSE AND BUTTER

[*b.* 1796]

[An old song from *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800), collected by BURNS].

Jenny sits up i' the laft,
Jockie wad fain 'a been at her;
But there cam a wind out o' the west
windows Made a' the winnocks to clatter.
O gie my love brose, lasses,
O gie my love brose and butter;
For nane in Carrick wi' him
Can gie a cunt its supper.

The laverock lo'es the grass,
The paitrick lo'es the stibble;
And hey for the gardener lad
To gully awa' wi' his dibble.
O gie my love brose, lasses,
O gie my love brose and butter;
For nane in Carrick wi' him
Can gie a cunt its supper.

My daddie sent me to the hill
To pu' my minnie some heather;

And drive it in your fill,
  Ye're welcome to the leather.
    O gie my love brose, lasses,
      O gie my love brose and butter;
    For nane in Carrick wi' him
      Can gie a cunt its supper.

The mouse is a merry wee beast,
  The moudiewart wants the e'en; mole
And o' for a touch of the thing,
  I had it in my nieve yestreen.
    O gie my love brose, lasses,
      O gie my love brose and butter;
    For nane in Carrick wi' him
      Can gie a cunt its supper.

We a' were fou yestreen,
  The night shall be its brither;
And hey, for a rolling pin
  To nail twa wames thegither!
    O gie my love brose, lasses,
      O gie my love brose and butter;
    For nane in Carrick wi' him
      Can gie a cunt its supper.

SUPPER ISNA READY

[*b.* 1796]

[From *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800), collected by BURNS; tune, *Clout the Cauldron*].

Roseberry to his lady says,
"My hinny and my succour,
"O shall we do the thing ye ken?
"Or shall we tak our supper?"

Wi' modest face, sae fu' o' grace,
Replied the bonny lady,
"My noble lord, do as ye please,
"But supper is na ready."

DUNCAN MACLEERIE

[*b.* 1796]

[An' old song from *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800), collected by BURNS; tune: *Jocky MacGill*].

Duncan Macleerie and Janet his wife,
They gaed to Kilmarnock to buy a new knife;
But instead of a knife, they coft but a bleerie, bought
"We're very weel sair'd," quo' Duncan Macleerie.

Duncan Macleerie has got a new fiddle,
It's a' strung wi' hair, and a hole in the middle;
An' ay when he plays on 't, his wife looks sae cheery,
"Very weel done, Duncan," quo' Janet Macleerie.

Duncan he play'd till his bow it grew greasy;
Janet grew fretfu', and unco uneasy,
"Hoot," quo' she, "Duncan, ye're unco soon weary;
"Play us a pibroch," quo Janet Macleerie. martial music

Duncan Macleerie play'd on the harp,
An' Janet Macleerie danc'd in her sark;
Her sark it was short, her cunt it was hairy,
"Very weel danc'd, Janet," quo' Duncan Macleerie.

THE PLOUGHMAN

[*b.* 1796]

[From *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800), collected by BURNS].

The ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo;
His garters knit below the knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.
Sing up, wi't a', the ploughman lad,
And hey the merry ploughman;
O' a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

As walkin' forth upon a day,
I met a jolly ploughman;
I tauld him I had lands to plough,
If he wad but prove true, man.
Sing up wi't a', the ploughman lad,
And hey the merry ploughman;
O' a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

He says, My dear, tak ye nae fear
I'll fit ye till a hair, jo;

I'll cleave it up, and hit it down,
And water-furrow't fair, jo.
Sing up wi't a', the ploughman lad,
And hey the merry ploughman;
O' a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

I hae three ousen in my plough,
Three better ne'er plough'd ground, jo,
The foremost ox is lang and sma',
The twa are plump and round, jo.
Sing up wi't a', the ploughman lad,
And hey the merry ploughman;
O' a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

Then he wi' speed did yoke his plough,
Which by a gaud was driven, jo!
But when he wan between the stilts,
I thought I was in heaven, jo!
Sing up wi't a', the ploughman lad,
And hey the merry ploughman;
O' a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

But the foremost ox fell in the fur,
The tither twa did founder;
The ploughman lad he breathless grew,
In faith it was nae wonder.

Sing up wi't a', the ploughman lad,
And hey the merry ploughman;
O' a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

But a fykie risk, below a hill,
The plough she took a stane, jo,
Which gart the fire flee frae the sock,
The ploughman gied a grane, jo.
Sing up wi't a', the ploughman lad,
And hey the merry ploughman;
O' a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

I hae plough'd east, I hae plough'd west,
In weather foul and fair, jo;
But the sairest ploughing e'er I plough'd,
Was ploughing amang hair, jo.
Sing up wi't a', the ploughman lad,
And hey the merry ploughman;
O' a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

THE MODIEWARK

[*b.* 1796]

[An old song from *Merry Muses of Caledonia*, collected by BURNS (*c.* 1800); tune, *O for ane and twenty, Tam*].

The modiewark has done me ill,
And below my apron has biggit a hill;
I maun consult some learned clerk
About this wanton modiewark.
An', O, the wanton modiewark,
The weary wanton modiewark,
I maun consult some learned clerk,
About this wanton modiewark.

O first it gat between my taes,
Out o'er my garter neist it gaes,
At length it crap below my sark
The weary wanton modiewark.
An', O, the wanton modiewark,
The weary wanton modiewark,
I maun consult some learned clerk,
About this wanton modiewark.

This modiewark, tho' it be blin',
If ance its nose you lat it in,

Then to the hilts, within a crack,
It's out o' sight, the modiewark.
An', O, the wanton modiewark,
The weary wanton modiewark,
I maun consult some learned clerk,
About this wanton modiewark.

When Marjorie was made a bride,
An' Willy lay down by her side,
Syne nocht was heard when a' was dark,
But kicking at the modiewark.
An', O, the wanton modiewark,
The weary wanton modiewark,
I maun consult some learned clerk,
About this wanton modiewark.

OUR JOHN'S BRAK YESTREEN

[*b.* 1796]

[BURNS in *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800); tune, *Gramachree*].

Twa neebour wives sat i' the sun,
A twinin' at their rocks,
An' they an argument began,
An' a' the plea was cocks.

'Twas whether they were sinnews strang,
Or whether they were bane,
An' how they row'd about your thumb,
An' how they stan't themlane.

First, Rachie gae her rock a rug,
An' syne she claw'd her tail,
"When our Tam draws on his breeks,
"It waigles like a flail."

Says Bess, "They're bane, I will maintain,
"And proof in han' I'll gie,
"For our John's it brak yestreen,
"And the margh ran down my thie."

THE BOB-TAIL'D LASS

[*b.* 1800]

[From *Ane Pleasant Garland of Sweet Scented Flowers* (1835) "sixty copies printed, selected from a Manuscript volume of Miscellaneous Papers preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates." They were reprinted by Kirkpatrick Sharpe].

On Wednesday in the afternoon
I took a walk in the field,
It was to bring my courage down,
But still I was forced to yield:
For there I met with a bob-tail'd lass,
But I should have passed her by,
And I kindly took her by the hand,
And I lead her into the kye.

The pettycoat that she had on
Was made of the blanket blue,
The smock was as black as charcole,
Believe me this was true;
But tempting words, will tempt young birds,
That from their nest do fly,

And I'll never believ't was the first time
That she had been caught in the kye.

Good council, good council,
To you, young man, I give,
Never to take with a bob-tail'd lass
As long as you've an hour to live.
You had better take one that is proper and tall,
Although she be never so poor,
For I never was so disgraced in my life
As I was by this bob-tail'd whoore.

WILLIE STEENSON

[*b.* 1800]

[*See* Note to "The Bobtailed Lass" p. 275].

There dwelt a man in Lanrickshire,
Ha! Willie Steenson,
And all his care and hail desyre
Was prettie Peggie Beenston.

He courted her fra barn to byre,
Ha! Willie Steenson,
But he could ne'er get his desyre
Of prettie Peggie Beenston.

O Peggy, quoth he, I'd lay thee down,
Ha! Willie Steenson,
If't were not for spoiling of thy new gown,
My prettie Peggie Beenston.

My new gown cost thee ne'er a groat,
Ha! Willie Steenson;
Sae lay me down and spare it not,
Says prettie Peggie Beenston.

But Willie ran hame to fetch the cloak,
Ha! Willie Steenson,

And by came another and play'd the sport,
With prettie Peggie Beenston.

I wish my cloak had been in the fyre,
Ha! Willie Steenson,
That ever another got my desyre
Of prettie Peggie Beenston.

THE NAMELESS MAIDEN

[*b.* 1800]

[*See* Note to "The Bobtailed Lass," p. 275].

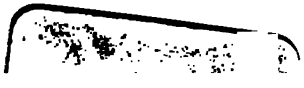
A maid, I dare not tell her name;
  For fear I should disgrace her,
Tempted a young man for to come
  One night for to embrace her.
When at the door he made a stop, he made a stop,
Then she lay still, and snoring cry'd,
The latch will up, the latch will up.

This young man, hearing of her words,
  Pull'd up the latch and entered;
But in the room unfortunately
  To her mother's bed he ventured.
When the poor maid was sore afraid,
And almost dead, and almost dead;
Then she lay still, and snoring cry'd,
To the truckle bed, to the truckle bed.

Unto the truckle bed he went,
  But as this youth was a-going,
The unlucky cradle stood in his way,
  Which had almost spoil'd his wooing.

When after this the maid he spy'd, the maid he [spy'd,
Here she lay still, and snoring cry'd,
To th'other side, to th'other side.

Unto the other side he went,
To show the love he meant her;
Pull'd off his cloaths courageously,
And fell to the work he was sent for.
When the poor maid made no reply, made no reply,
But she lay still, and snoring cry'd,
A little too high, a little too high.

This lusty lover half ashamed,
Of her gentle admonition,
He thought to charge her home again,
As e'er a girl could wish him.
Why now my love, I'm right I know, I'm right I [know,
Then she lay still, and snoring cry'd,
A little too low, a little too low.

But by mistake, at length this youth
His business so well 'tended,
He hit the mark so cunningly,
He defy'd all the world to mend it.
Well now, my love, I'm right I swear, I'm right [I swear.
Then she lay still, and snoring cry'd,
Oh there! just there! Oh there! just there!